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[ONE PENNY.]

FENIANISM AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Fenian trial, which finished at the Central Criminal Court on Monday, will be rendered memorable by the fact that, though no fewer than six persons were at first arraigned, only one—Barrett—has been found guilty; and it will also be remembered on account of the extraordinary nature of the crime with which the prisoners were charged. A trial for life or death always presents an impressive scene, and the sight which was witnessed in the Central Criminal Court was impressive in the highest degree. Two of the prisoners had already been acquitted, but four had still to learn whether they should at once be set at liberty, or speedily suffer the most ignominious of deaths. In itself that fact would have invested the scene with unwonted solemnity, even if the crime had belonged to the common run of murders, with nothing peculiar to mark it, save a greater or less degree of brutality; but the Clerkenwell explosion is specially memorable for the devilish skill with which it was planned, for the cool malignity with which it was executed, for the utter recklessness with which the perpetrators sacrificed the lives of people who had never done them any harm, and for the havoc which was wrought among innocent men, women, and children. Still, the prisoners have received as fair a trial as if they had been charged with a venial offence. On the whole, they have been ably defended—the court was crowded from day to day, and during the summing-up of the Lord Chief Justice the interest was intense. In itself, indeed, the deliverance was so remarkable that it would have riveted the attention of the Court, even had it not dealt with issues of life and death. Sir Alexander Cockburn has accustomed the public to expect in his summing-up such analytical power, such a grasp of the most tangled and far-stretching evidence, such lucidity of statement, and such chastened eloquence, that his Lord Chief Justiceship will be memorable in the records of the English Bench. His address to the jury was equal to the best of his deliverances. Though the evidence was enormously complicated, though no fewer than four cases had to be unfolded at one time, and though the most directly conflicting testimony

imposed difficulties at every step, the judicial statement was so simple that the duller hearer could not fail to see what were the distinct issues, or what was the testimony for and against each of the prisoners. Fortunately, the prime author of the Clerkenwell explosion, the man who set fire to the barrel, has not escaped. Barrett has been found guilty and sentenced to death. Nor could the jury have returned other than a fatal verdict. The proofs that he was a member of the Fenian Association, that he had planned the explosion, that he had fired the train, and that to his accomplices he had confessed his guilt, were too many, too strong, and too direct to be set aside. It is true that some of the evidence against him was unsatisfactory, and, as the Lord Chief more than once warned the jury, an adverse verdict could not have been returned on the testimony of Mullany alone. As an informer, Mullany was not to be trusted, except when he was corroborated by independent witnesses. Nor, in all respects, was the confirmatory evidence furnished from Clerkenwell free from doubt. But, after every allowance is made for small discrepancies, the fact remains that witnesses who are free from the suspicion which rests on Mullany confirm the main



THE LATE KING THEODORE.

[FROM AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT, COPIED BY PERMISSION FROM THE "BOW BELLS."]

parts of the informer's declaration. Indeed, had the case closed after those witnesses had spoken, Barrett's counsel would have been unable to make even a plausible defence. Barrett is to die, and he will die justly, since the evidence that he committed an infamous crime is complete; and his fate is all the more deserved because he is evidently a man of high intelligence. Before receiving the sentence, he delivered a remarkable speech, criticising with great acuteness the evidence against him, protesting that he had been condemned on insufficient grounds, and eloquently asserting his innocence. Such an address, of course, cannot shake the conviction that he is guilty; but it excites regret that a man of mental power should have become the instrument of assassins, and should have to expiate on the scaffold the guilt of an infamous crime. While we were hoping that the Clerkenwell outrage was an expiring effort of these miscreants, and when we had begun to congratulate ourselves upon the final extinction of the Fenian pest in these kingdoms we were startled with a report from Australia of a crime more brutal, cowardly, and purposeless, than any of those of which even Fenianism has yet been guilty. No crime, characteristic of Fenianism, has yet

devotion with which Irishmen regard the Royal Family of the United Kingdom. But fervent as is the spirit of loyalty among our countrymen of the sister island, it is infinitely surpassed by that which prevails in Australia, and which, as the Duke of Edinburgh's general reception has shown, is a kind of household religion among the colonists. Horrible as this deed of crime may appear to us in England, we may be assured that the shock to the people of Australia will be even deeper. The wound which Prince Alfred wears has left an indelible stain, in their own opinion, upon the people of New South Wales. That their own beautiful bay should have been the scene of an attempt to murder a Prince of England will appear to every colonist a personal degradation. It will serve to poison for ever the memory of a visit which in other respects has been fruitful of so much honour and happiness. Every man throughout our Australian empire will writhe in deep horror and indignation at the foul stain which has been cast upon Australian loyalty. Knowing themselves to be among the most attached of all the subjects of the Crown of England, they will be sensible of this insult which the wretched Fenian assassin has brought upon them.

been committed of such mingled atrocity and fatuousness as the attempt to assassinate the Duke of Edinburgh. Had the Fenians deliberately set about to extend the ill-savour of their name throughout the most remote corners of the earth, they could not have selected a crime better calculated to make them infamous. Their victim was one who, of all men, should have been the last upon whom, supposing them to have any reason at all in their designs, and not to be guided by a simple tiger-like lust of blood they ought, in their own phrase, to have "made war." Some of the English friends of the Fenians used, we may remember, to speak apologetically of their crimes a few months since as being acts of "quasi-belligerency." Regarded in this light, let us ask what was proposed to be gained by the killing of the Queen's second son on the shores of Port Jackson? Not even a member of the Fenian Brotherhood can seriously pretend to believe that to shoot the Duke of Edinburgh was even a fit sort of revenge for the alleged wrongs of Ireland. The Royal House of which Prince Alfred is a scion is singularly free from any active participation in that policy which the Fenians quote as the basis of their agitation. As to the Prince himself, no Englishman is more free, either by what he has done himself or what he has inherited, from any responsibility in respect to the alleged wrongs of Ireland. To kill him would not have been even such a revenge as the wildest savage would have recognised. It was a purely wanton shedding of blood for the sake of blood. It would have been murder most foul, base, and unnatural. Even the gorilla slays only his enemy. But the Fenian strikes blindly, like a Malay running a muck. It is only by his deliberate cowardice that we recognise that he is not quite mad. He has sufficient of the instinct of self-preservation to aim from behind. As to the rest no raving lunatic could be more desperately purposeless. Had the assassin O'Farrell succeeded in his crime, and had the Prince fallen a victim to a Fenian pistol, how much would have been gained to Fenianism? How would all Australia have regarded the deed? We need not ask how Ireland would, for we have seen what are the feelings of

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

In the House of Lords, the Earl of Malmesbury moved an address to Her Majesty expressive of the sorrow and indignation with which the House had heard of the atrocious attempt to assassinate the Duke of Edinburgh, and to assure her of their heartfelt congratulations on the preservation of his Royal Highness from mortal injury. The crime, he said, was of no common description, because its atrocity was aggravated by the fact that had it been consummated no political consequences would have resulted from it.—Earl Russell seconded the motion, which was agreed to unanimously.—The Duke of Marlborough moved the second reading of the Educational Bill.—The Earl of Airlie moved that the bill be read a second time that day three months. He approved of the proposal to take an educational census, and of the conscience clause being introduced into the bill, but he objected to the provision that uncertificated teachers should receive grants. He further objected to the unequal burdens which the bill imposed upon those who would have to maintain the schools; the needless multiplication of schools, schoolmasters, and inspectors; the total absence of local organisation; while the bill failed to reach those districts which required education most.—The Earl of Airlie withdrew his amendment, and the bill was read a second time.—Several other bills were advanced a stage, and the House adjourned at a quarter past 8 o'clock.

In the House of Lords, the Earl of Derby called attention to Mr. Gladstone's Resolutions on the Irish Church, and especially to the one which requested Her Majesty to place at the disposal of Parliament her interest in the temporalities of that branch of the Establishment. Fearing that the first of the resolutions, at all events, would be carried by a large majority, and reminding Earl Russell of the views he had enunciated last year on the Church question, he wished to know from the noble earl whether he adhered to the opinion he had recently expressed, that a Minister who suddenly changed his opinions on an important political question was unworthy the confidence of the country, and whether the supporters of the Gladstone resolutions intended to take steps for obtaining the concurrence of their Lordships and the action of Parliament with respect to them.—Earl Russell, considering that the House of Commons was on the point of deciding upon the resolutions, regarded the course taken by Lord Derby as most extraordinary. To the charge of apparent inconsistency on his part, he replied, as Mr. Burke once did, that the inconsistency of means was not incompatible with the consistency of the end. One of the chief objects of his political life had been to establish peace and prosperity in Ireland, and he justified his approval of the resolutions, whilst an inquiry was going on, in which he himself had promoted, by the fact that that inquiry was not of so extended a scope as he had asked for.—Lord Granville inquired of Lord Derby what course the Government were likely to take in the event of their having a large majority against them on the resolutions in the House of Commons; to which Lord Derby replied that, not being a member of the Government, he was unable to say what their determination might be, but he recommended that they should not resign office, for such a step as that would not be justified either by their duty to the Sovereign or to the country.—The subject having dropped, their Lordships, at twenty minutes past seven o'clock, adjourned.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

In the House of Commons, Mr. S. Cave stated, in reply to Mr. W. E. Forster, that there is no intention by the bill now before the House relating to railways to interfere with packed parcels, properly so called, though a clause in the bill justified the impression that that was the intention.—Mr. Disraeli, in feeling and appropriate terms, which met with a cordial response from the House, moved an address to Her Majesty expressing the sorrow and indignation with which the House had learned the atrocious attempt to assassinate his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh when on a visit to Australia, assuring Her Majesty of the sympathy of the House, and expressing an earnest hope for the speedy recovery of his Royal Highness.—Mr. Gladstone seconded, and the motion was unanimously agreed to.—Mr. Layard having inquired whether the intelligence concerning the war in Abyssinia was authentic, Mr. Disraeli replied that it was, and stated that it would be his duty shortly, by command of Her Majesty, to bring forward a motion on the subject. He congratulated the House on the great events that had occurred in Abyssinia. As a feat of arms it was impossible to speak too highly of it.—The House then resolved itself into committee on the Irish Established Church, and resumed the discussion on the first of Mr. Gladstone's resolutions, which affirm the necessity of disestablishing that Church.—Mr. Watkin said he found no fault with the resolutions except that they were not sufficiently explicit. He had always looked upon the Irish Church as the greatest of all dangers to the English Church. He thought that a new Parliament would make a far wider settlement of the Irish question than any that could be made by this House in its present condition, but he wished not to throw any impediment in the way of passing the resolutions, and he should therefore not move the amendment of which he had given notice.—Mr. Gladstone appealed to the Government to use their influence to bring the discussion to a close.—Mr. Disraeli declined to enter into any such arrangement, saying he considered it of importance that the subject should be fully debated.—After some discussion on this point, which led to no result, the motion for reporting progress was agreed to.

In the House of Commons, the Earl of Mayo stated, in reply to Mr. Pim, that the promised bill of the Government relating to the Irish land question was perfectly ready, but he deemed it useless to introduce the measure unless there was a clear prospect of its being fully discussed in the present session, and of that there was little chance at this moment.—The noble earl also observed, in answer to Mr. E. J. B. that it was not intended, because of the recent barbarous murder in the county of Westmeath, to propose the extension of the powers under the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act to any other description of offence than that to which the Act was now limited.—The notices of private members, and the bills on the paper having been postponed, the House went into committee on the Established Church, Ireland.

The musicians who wrote English songs are a wonderful people in their selection of words. Which of us has not laughed at the professed skit upon the Della Cruscan:—

Fluttering spread thy purple pinions?

but in what respect is this avowed caricature worse than a serious ditty beginning thus—

Golden gleamed the river gushing,

which was announced for a late ballad concert?

The elections this week resulted in the return of Mr. Walsh for Radnorshire, in the room of his father, now Lord Ormskirk; and of Mr. Turner, the Conservative candidate, at Grantham, by a large majority over Captain Cholmeley, the Liberal.—At Bristol the nomination appears to have been a very stormy affair. The vacancy has been caused by the bankruptcy of Sir Morton Peto, and the candidates are Mr. S. Morley, formerly M.P. for Nottingham, who was unseated in 1866 for bribery, and Mr. Miles, a Conservative. The show of hands was about equal, but it was eventually given in favour of Mr. Morley. The contest will be severe.

COURT AND SOCIETY.

Mrs. HOWARD PAUL, who has sacrificed for second-rate objects an amount of natural vocal endowment rarely combined (at least in England) with such genius for the stage as she possesses,—which might have made her the Malibran of England, and as such an artist of European renown,—has, after devoting her best years to "Entertainments," returned to the stage, we are sorry to perceive, to sing in the coarse English version of the trumpery "Grande-Duchesse" of Herr Offenbach.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, attended by their suite, arrived in the metropolis on Monday afternoon, after their stay in Ireland, and their subsequent visit to Carnarvon and to Trentham, the seat in Staffordshire of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. Their Royal Highnesses, who were accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, travelled on the railway in the beautiful saloon carriage constructed expressly for the private use of the duke. At Stafford this carriage was attached to the Irish mail, and the Royal party left the latter station shortly after three o'clock. Their Royal Highnesses arrived at the Euston-square terminus of the London and North-Western line at 6.25 p.m. Mr. Mason, assistant general manager, was in attendance upon the platform. The police arrangements were carried out by Superintendent Fidge, aided by Inspectors Tricks and Cocks, of the metropolitan force, and about seventy constables. About ten policemen were placed close up on each side of the small carpeted space, and few persons were admitted to the station. The Prince and Princess looked remarkably well. Their Royal Highnesses seemed to be in good spirits, and the Princess appeared as though her health has been decidedly improved by her recent trip to Ireland. As their Royal Highnesses drove from the arrival platform they were greeted with hearty cheers, which the Prince and Princess acknowledged repeatedly. The front of the terminus in Drummond-street was thronged with spectators. Their Royal Highnesses reached Marlborough House shortly before seven o'clock.

NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING.

MONDAY morning opened fine and summerlike, and a large muster of touts, amateur and professional, flocked to the Bury Hills, the Limekiln gallops, and the Heath to get a glimpse of the cracks. The card for the day contained eleven items, the void in the programme caused by the forfeit of See Saw to the Earl being filled up by a new match between Sister to Veda and Sandboy. The attendance was very numerous for the opening day, and included many of the leading supporters of the turf. Proceedings commenced on the top of the town at 12.35 with the Princess of Wales's Stakes, which ended in Hippia walking over. The Two-Year-Old Sweepstakes over the last half-mile of the Reason Course was reduced to a match, between Brigantine and Director (late brother to Poleaxe). The former was made the favourite, and won in a canter, the Baron's colt being unseated. The whole of the seven-teen acceptances for the Prince of Wales's Stakes went to the post. The race was a very fine one, testifying to the excellence of the handicap. Kingland, the favourite, won very cleverly by a head. The result would probably have been different had not Wells been obliged to ease the Palmer in the last few strides to avoid a collision with Kingland and Silenus. Wells, at the scale, imagining that he was third, objected to the winner; and Daley also lodged an objection, which was ordered to stand over until after the conclusion of the races, when the stewards confirmed the verdict of the judge. Lord Ronald, the trial horse of Chelsea, cut up very badly, and the young'un immediately became a worse favourite for the Games. Sister to Veda was successful in her match against Sandboy, and the Admiral won both his matches, Amara beating Red Comyn, and Puff Demonstration. Blue Gown unexpectedly put in an appearance for the Sweepstakes over the T.Y.C., and was opposed by St. Angela and Naivete, to the latter of whom he was conceding 22lb. The son of Beadsman and Bas Bleu won very cleverly by a head, and immediately they had passed the post 1,000 to 70 was taken about him for the Derby, 12 to 1 having been laid previous to the race. Knight of the Garter won the £100 Plate very easily, and the Selling Sweepstakes coming to nothing, the racing concluded with the Maiden Plate, for which there was a numerous field, and Black Flag—a stable companion of Formosa—bowed over a good favourite in Sloman. After the decision of the third race, rain fell heavily, and continued with but slight intermission until the conclusion of the racing. In the morning Brother to Stafford, one of Lord Glasgow's unnamed colts, engaged in the Guinea, broke down whilst exercising on the Limekiln. We may mention that at intervals during the racing the French colt was first favourite for the Two Thousand, 9 to 2 being taken about him, but Formosa by some very heavy investments in her favour, had the call of everything. Green Sieve being next in demand. For the Derby, Lady Elizabeth was in still greater favour, 100 to 30 being taken and offered. Lord Glasgow's Tom Bowling colt was backed to win a good stake, there being at one time quite a rush to get on, and the unnamed representative finally left off at 1,000 to 70 taken.

THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

ALMOST as popular as the Epsom carnival itself, the Two Thousand day brought down a larger number of London visitors than were ever previously known at Newmarket. The muster, however, scarcely reached the general attendance upon one of the greatest days on Newmarket Heath. There was a very numerous cavalcade of horsemen and carriages, and it was with great difficulty that pedestrian spectators could get about without the risk of being run over. The morning opened very promisingly, but towards noon thick heavy clouds gathered and threatened rain, which however held off, the dust being most disagreeable. A capital programme was provided, but the chief interest—the whole of the spectators' interest—was absorbed in the Two Thousand, fixed for decision at 3.10. Mr. Manning, with praiseworthy energy, succeeded in having the numbers of the fourteen starters and jockeys hoisted for public inspection on the telegraph board twenty-five minutes before the time for starting, and the lot were under the command of Mr. McGeorge by three o'clock. The crowd always to be found at the starting post on a Two Thousand day assembled in masses around the horses at the post, and it required some little time to clear a space for the starter to get his geld away from the people. Exactly at 3.15, and without any disappointment, the flag was lowered to an excellent start, and for some short distance they ran in military line, the large majority of the competitors keeping close company till two-thirds of the distance had been run, when the issue was left with Moslem (who had made all the running), Formosa, Sir Joseph Hawley's pair, and St. Ronan; the latter gaining third place only on sufferance. For the last 200 yards the result was confidently thought to be Formosa's, but Moslem ran with such unflinching gameness, that, notwithstanding his swerving at the finish, he struggled on, and ran the first dead heat for the Two Thousand. Many thought Formosa ought to have won, and expressed their opinion by betting 6 to 4 on her for the deciding affair, but Admiral Rous, whose judgment is worth knowing, was of opinion Moslem would have won the final heat, which, however, was not run, an arrangement being made to divide, and Moslem walked over. Wells, who rode Rosiernean, could undoubtedly have been third; and the extra time allowed Porter to get the horses prepared for the Derby will make the colt wonderfully better. Moslem's performances this year were scarcely thought sufficiently good to make him win the Guinea, which his brother ran third for in Lord Lyon's year; but the latter showed great improvement, and it is a pity that he is not engaged for the Derby, in which race Formosa's name is also absent.

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

A SEVERE thunderstorm passed over Barnsley about seven o'clock on Friday evening doing some damage in its course. A farm labourer, in the employ of Mr. Bright, of Morril Bretton, was returning home with two horses when one of them was struck by the lightning and killed on the spot. The man was also knocked down, but escaped without serious injury. The value of the horse was about £40.

At the Preston Police-court on Saturday the Rev. Henry Throver, Catholic priest, Woodplumpton, was summoned at the instance of Mr. Thomas Carlisle, churchwarden in Woodplumpton, for 6d., being his proportion of church rates levied in that parish. The validity of the rate was disputed, and the magistrates consequently decided that the court had no jurisdiction. A similar case against Mr. J. Wrigley, Woodplumpton, was then gone into and disposed of in a similar manner. The solicitor stated that, as at present advised, he was prepared to carry the cases into the ecclesiastical courts.

An inquest was held at Birmingham on Saturday on the body of Ann Allen. The deceased was a widow, aged 76 years, and on Thursday evening she asked a boy named Lomas to go with her to throw a cat which had had its leg broken. The deceased carried the cat and a brick, which was fastened round the animal's head, in her apron, and on arriving at Belmont Row Bridge, the boy asked the deceased if he should throw the cat and brick over the wall into the canal. She refused, saying she would drown it herself. They went down to the canal side, and, while deceased was stopping to put the cat in the water, she overbalanced herself and fell. The boy immediately gave an alarm, and the deceased was got out in four or five minutes, but she was dead. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

On Saturday an inquest was held at York on the bodies of two men, Scott and Auld, killed on the previous day at Raskelf station, on the North-Eastern Railway. A goods train left Thirsk early on Friday morning, and arrived at Raskelf station in the middle of a thick fog. A coal train came up behind, and although a red flag was waved and a steam whistle blown, it could not be stopped in time to avoid a collision. It cut through several of the waggons of the goods train, and on the line being subsequently examined, Auld was found dead and Scott in a dying state amongst the wreck of the train. It appears that the coal train left Thirsk only five minutes after the goods train, and that it was not usual for the latter to stop at the Raskelf station, but it had to do so on that occasion in consequence of some cattle trucks being loaded to there. The inquiry was adjourned. Auld was a labourer, 22 years of age, and Scott was 61 years of age, and steward to Major Stapylton, of Myton Hall.

A MOST revolting case of brutality was brought to light at Chesterfield on Friday, where a youth named John Burke, aged 13, was charged by the Staveley Coal and Iron Company with pulling out the tongue of a pony, in one of the pits, on the 22nd ult. It appears that the prisoner was in charge of the pony, which was not travelling as fast as he wished, when he gave it a severe kick under the jaw, the force of the blow being such as to cause the animal great pain, as it immediately protruded its tongue from its mouth, and could not replace it. Seeing this, it is thought the youth began to be afraid that his cruelty would be found out, and he then resorted to the following expedient of hiding his guilt, namely, of forcing his hand as far as possible into the animal's mouth, and, pulling with might and main, tore its tongue out by the root. Immediately it was found out the poor animal was shot, and the youth ordered into custody. The prisoner pleaded guilty, and the bench ordered him to pay a fine of £4, with 11s. costs, or in default to go to goal for six weeks.

ABOUT thirteen minutes past twelve o'clock on Saturday morning, while the Royal mail steamer Australasian was proceeding up the Channel from Queenstown for Liverpool, and when abreast Holyhead, she came suddenly into collision with the screw steamer Isle of Arran, and ran her down, going in fact right over her. The Isle of Arran had taken refuge in Holyhead harbour through stress of weather, and she was proceeding to Newport in order to take in a cargo of coals when the unfortunate occurrence took place. She had just come out of the harbour, and the Australasian was passing close in on the land. It is said that the Isle of Arran had no masthead lights up, and the look-out man in the Australasian could not see her side lights. As soon as the accident was observed, a boat, under the charge of Mr. Loudon, the second officer, was sent off from the Australasian to the relief of the men who were in the water, and two were saved. These were the chief mate and the man at the wheel belonging to the Isle of Arran, who apparently had seen the rapid approach of the mail steamer and had jumped into the water. Five men (including the captain) and a boy were drowned. The two men who were saved were brought to Liverpool in the Australasian.

As a address of condolence has just been forwarded to Mrs. Plow, at the Vicarage, Rochdale, where she is now residing, expressing the deep and heartfelt sympathy of the congregation of Christ Church with her in the awful calamity which her household has suffered by the recent crime at the Todmorden Vicarage. To this address Mrs. Plow has written a letter, in the following terms:—"The Vicarage, Rochdale, April 23rd, 1868.—My dear Friends,—I thank you from my heart for the loving token I have received from you of your affectionate regard for my dear husband, your pastor, and of your sorrow for his removal from us. He ever counted it a privilege to be allowed to work amongst you for the love of Christ, and so far as in him lay, to do you service, and his mind was never easy when he was absent from you. Now that it has pleased God to take him to his rest, we must pray that his work may be richly blessed to us, and his prayers answered in the saving of our souls, and look forward with earnest, bright hope to soon joining him again in Christ. Your beautiful address I shall prize very highly. It is a painful but tender remembrance of the past; and the names inscribed, both rich and poor, are very dear to me. Sincerely thanking you for this, and also for your touching sympathy with me, which has been shown in so many ways throughout this time of affliction, and with my love to each and all of you, I remain, your truly affectionate friend and well-wisher, HARRIET L. PLOW."

ALL was quiet in Wigan and neighbourhood on Saturday morning, and there was hardly a collier to be seen in the roads. Every possible precaution was taken by the authorities to preserve the peace, but there was not the slightest necessity for any action on their part. A meeting of the county magistrates was held in the morning, at which the charge of the several colliery districts round the town was allotted to the different magistrates present. It was also decided to establish mounted patrols both in the borough and the county. A placard was issued by the miners' agents and committee, stating that it had been reported that they acquiesced in the intimidation and violence which had taken place. They therefore stated that they disclaimed and condemned all such conduct, considering it detrimental to the interests of society and of themselves as well. They added that they would not recognise any person guilty of such acts. It is believed that a large number of men will begin to work on Monday and Tuesday, now that it is certain that they will be protected. The masters assert that three-fourths of the colliers would work if they dared, but this statement meets with a positive denial from those who are resolved to continue the strike.—On Monday it was reported in Wigan that the strike which has led to such serious disturbances in the colliery districts, is now likely to terminate by the men accepting work at the full reduction of 15 per cent.—On Tuesday morning the colliers who have been employed at Messrs. Pearson and Knowles began work on these terms, with the consent of the trades delegates.

METROPOLITAN.

THE trial of Burke, Casey, and Shaw for treason-felony commenced on Tuesday at the Central Criminal Court. An attempt on the part of Burke to prove himself an American citizen broke down. The proceedings were not over at the time of our going to press.

At the Bow-street Police-court, Barry and O'Keefe were charged on remand with being in possession of a quantity of inflammable matter, for the purpose of committing a felony. Dr. Noyd, of St. George's Hospital, stated that he had analysed the substance, and found it to consist of about 6lbs. of phosphorus. The prisoners were captured in front of Buckingham Palace. They were again remanded.

Mrs. W. RAY SMER suggests in a letter to the *Star* that a half-penny postage should be adopted for newspapers and circulars, and enters into some calculations to show that it would pay. He would have circulars taking advantage of the half-penny rate compulsorily left open at the ends, so that when gentlemen are out of town they may not be bored and taxed as they are now by the receipt of letters of no interest to them, but which servants left in charge, being ignorant of their nature, are bound to forward.

The following advertisement appears in one of the local journals of the metropolis. Before commenting on it we should like to be satisfied of the bona fides of its author. It looks almost too bad to be true:—"A lady of retiring habits, whose husband is dead, wish to dispose of a small but muscular female child six months old. A captain of a ship or an elderly gentleman going abroad would be handsomely negotiated with. The child is fair and of an engaging disposition, and has been well christened in a Protestant church. Satisfactory reasons will be given by the mother, having no further use for it. By letter only."

In the Court of Queen's Bench, before Justices Blackburne and Lush, Mr. Stephens, Q.C., appeared to support a rule nisi, which had been granted a few days since, calling upon the Lord Bishop of London to show cause why a writ of mandamus should not issue compelling him to investigate a certain complaint preferred by Mr. Thos. Boyard against the Rev. Wm. J. E. Bennett, Vicar of Frodo, and for that purpose to issue a commission under the Church Discipline Act. The charge was one of holding and teaching heretical doctrine in certain works which had been published in the diocese of London. The Court made the rule absolute.

THE Board of Trade have ordered a gold watch to be prepared for presentation to Captain Field, master of the American ship *Moonbeam*, for his humanity in rescuing the crew of the *Jolar* of London, in December last. The crew had abandoned the *Jolar* and taken to their boats when they were picked up by the *Moonbeam*. The master and crew, 27 in number in all, were treated kindly on board the American vessel for 44 days.—The Board have also ordered a telescope to be prepared for presentation to Captain Jahnke, master of the Prussian barque *Carl Friedrich*, for his services in picking up, on the 5th March, the crew of the *Globe*, of Hartlepool, which vessel had been run down by a brig, unknown. The crew of the *Globe* were treated with great kindness on board the *Carl Friedrich*, and landed at Aldborough on the 19th March.—The Board have likewise ordered a telescope to be prepared for presentation to Captain Probst, master of the Prussian brig *Noria*, of Barth, for his services to the shipwrecked crew of the *Victoria*, of Hartlepool, in November last.

SOME of the papers publish the particulars of an alleged attempt to assassinate Mr. Home. It is stated that on Thursday evening when Mr. Home was on his way from the court to Cox's Hotel, Jermyn-street, having turned down Duke-street from Piccadilly, he observed two men, who crossed the street towards him. One, who was a little in advance, said, "Are you Mr. Home?" and at the moment raised his hand, aiming a blow at the left side of the neck. Mr. Home did not observe that any weapon was in the man's hand, but being very nervous since he has been so hooted by the mob, he instinctively raised his left arm, and a dagger pierced the sleeve of his coat. As he brought his arm suddenly down, the point passed through the breast of his overcoat, his coat, and waistcoat, and touched the skin but slightly. He made a sort of backward blow with his hand, and ran towards his hotel. As he tracked backwards, the point of a stiletto entered the back of his hand, and the wound bled profusely. The surgeon is of opinion that a nerve has been injured, and that much care is needed at present.

SIR H. BARKLEY FREEMAN made a rather interesting speech at the meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. To show the working of Christian principle even in the most remote regions of the world, he stated the circumstance of his having received a letter from General Merewether in Abyssinia, in which he stated that a native chief had sent his Prime Minister to protect the rear of Sir Robert Napier's army, and furnish them with supplies, and who was that Prime Minister? He was an Abyssinian, who when a boy had been educated at Bombay. He had also received a letter from Dr. Livingstone, whose faithful companions were rescued slaves, also brought up at the Church Missionary Institution at Bombay. One of them had refused a strong temptation offered him to desert the adventurous traveller, and to go with the natives and learn them agriculture. The Archbishop of Canterbury presided at the meeting, and Bishop Gray was one of the speakers. He of course referred to the heresy of Dr. Colenso, and expressed a hope that he should take out with him when he returned to Africa the rev. gentleman who had been selected as the Bishop of Natal, and, as the Metropolitan Bishop of Capetown, associate him for the work.

FRANCE AND EUROPE.

THE real responsibility for the common state of anxiety that oppresses Europe rests with France. If the French nation could make up its mind to acquiesce in German unity pure and simple, the question of the amalgamation of North and South Germany would be a merely domestic one for Germans to settle in time, and to resign the wild hope of governing the Continent by keeping it divided, all danger would be past. Unless Prussia's ultimate designs on Bavaria and Wurtemberg are to rank as plots against France, Prussian policy contains in it no element of menace. Count Bismarck at all events does not propose to add to his frontiers on the east of Strasburg. The misfortune is that France cannot make up her mind to let Germany become still more homogeneous and powerful. Men like M. Thiers, whose temper seems to have inclined even some French Liberals who should know better, insist that the completion of German unity will be the humiliation of France, and Napoleon III. has not the courage to deny it. And no doubt German unity will diminish French power for interference on the Continent. But, after all, though one can understand French susceptibility on this point, it is impossible to justify it. To plunge Europe into fratricidal war for the sake of such a mere feather in the cap of French vanity would be a monstrous crime, which cannot be palliated or excused. What is wanted is, not Government, but a radical change of tone and policy. That the change can ever come till liberty and self-government are restored in France is not likely, and it is on this account that the Imperial attitude of France is a European evil.—*Saturday Review*.

HER MAJESTY, as an earnest of the honours which await the successful exploit of Sir R. Napier, has given orders that the gallant general (who is already a K.C.B.), shall be promoted to the military division of the first class of the Order of the Bath, or a Knight Grand Cross.

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

THE WAR IN ABYSSINIA.

THE following important and glorious news has been received from Abyssinia:—Reports having been received from spies to the effect that King Theodore intended moving, Sir Robert Napier instantly crossed the Jiddah River and established his headquarters on the plain of Talanta, twenty miles from Magdala. Many animals were lost whilst crossing a terrible ravine eight miles wide, 3,500 feet descent, 4,500 ascent. The troops marched over King Theodore's road, which is thirty feet wide. Sir Robert Napier made a reconnaissance of Magdala on April 7th. He sighted the King's camp and defences. The fortress appeared to be impregnable. A letter was received from Mr. Rassam, warning us to beware that Theodore was moving. A second reconnaissance was made before Magdala on April 8th. Theodore had twenty-eight guns mounted outside. Sir Robert Napier sent him a letter demanding the release of the captives. Meanwhile the army was concentrated on the river. Scaling ladders and torpedoes were ready for an attack upon the fortress. The army was, on April 10th, concentrated before Magdala, in position, six miles from the fortress. Theodore's camp was in view on a tremendous height. An engagement took place before Magdala on Good Friday between our troops and the army of Theodore, in which the latter was defeated with heavy loss. Casualties on our side:—Captain Roberts, 4th Foot, wounded in arm, and fifteen rank and file wounded. No one killed. On the two following days Theodore sent into our camp every European that he had in his power, both captives and employes. Theodore's army was much disheartened by the severe losses of the 10th ultimo. A portion of the chiefs surrendered a most formidable position, and many thousand fighting men laid down their arms. Theodore retired to Magdala with all who remained faithful. He planted five guns at the base of the ascent. When General Napier came in sight the King opened fire. The English replied with twelve-pounder Armstrong guns and seven-pounder rockets. The King left his guns, barricaded the sallyports, and opened with musketry. He gave no signs of surrendering. The bombardment lasted three hours. An assault was then ordered, and the fortress was carried after vigorous resistance. The Abyssinian loss is 68 killed and 200 wounded. The English loss is 15 wounded rank and file. King Theodore was found dead, shot in the head. His body was recognised by the Europeans who had been released. Some say he was killed in battle, and others that he committed suicide. His two sons have been taken prisoners. The correspondent of the *New York Herald* says:—"The fortress presented many evidences of barbaric splendour. Among the trophies taken are four gold crowns, twenty thousand dollars, one thousand silver plates, and many jewels and other articles, five thousand stand of arms, twenty-eight pieces of artillery, ten thousand shields, and ten thousand spears. The European prisoners will depart for the sea coast at once. The army will depart immediately."

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

THE following alarming intelligence has been telegraphed from Sydney, Australia:—On the 12th March his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh was deliberately shot in the back by a man named O'Farrell, at a public picnic given in aid of the Sailors' Home; provisionally the wound was not fatal, and he is (now the 28th March) able to go on board his ship. The ball entered the back half an inch from the spine, struck the ninth rib, followed round the course of the rib, and lodged five inches from the umbilicus, and four inches and a quarter beneath the right nipple, having traversed a distance of twelve inches and a quarter. It was easily removed on Saturday, the 14th March, by Drs. Watson and Young, of Her Majesty's ships *Challenger* and *G. Datea*. The assassin, who avowed himself to be a Fenian, was arrested on the spot, and was arranged before the Supreme Court Sydney, on the capital charge of wounding with intent to kill. On application of counsel for the defence a postponement of the trial till Monday was granted. A defence on the ground of insanity will be set up. In consequence of the report of the Medical board, his Royal Highness has been ordered to return to England as soon as he is sufficiently recovered.—The conviction of the man who fired at the Duke of Edinburgh has followed swiftly on his crime. He was tried on the 31st of March, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. The attempt to murder is still a capital offence in Australia; it was classed among capital offences in England till within a few years ago, when it was taken out of that category by special Act of Parliament. Why the colonial law has remained unaltered it is not easy to say; it may be because murders are more frequently attempted among the lawless bushrangers of Australia than amidst our own population. The Duke is on his way home.—Further telegrams from the Earl of Belmore state that the assassination of the Duke of Edinburgh was undertaken in pursuance of orders from Fenian conspirators in England; that O'Farrell was selected by lot to perpetrate the murder, and that the attempt was to have been made when the Prince landed in state. The New South Wales Government offered £1,000 for the discovery of accomplices, and an arrest of importance has been made in Victoria.

A MINISTERIAL crisis is imminent at the Hague. In consequence of the second Chamber having rejected, by a majority of 37 against 35 votes, the estimates of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, the Government withdrew the remaining estimates, in order that they might consult the King on the subject.

THE Prince Imperial, who is improving each shining hour, like the busy insect which in heraldry represents his house, has been taken to a poultry show in the Bois de Boulogne to see the feathered monsters, and being shown a Cochon-China exaggeration, asked, "Are they nice to ride?" Several English are to the fore in this trial of breeding.

THE extensive spinning manufactory of M. Hertzog at Langelbach, Bas-Rhin, France, has been destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at a million and a half of francs. The number of spindles consumed is 47,000; but the steam engines, which were in a separate building, are said to have escaped injury. M. Hertzog has still 40,000 spindles left, which will be kept constantly at work, so that the hands may be employed.

THE *Journal de Charleroi* states that the pitmen of the Piéton-Campagne colliery have now joined those who are still out on strike. The workers at Forchies did not resume their occupation as was expected; no disorders have however occurred, and the men appear to obey a central direction, which carefully avoids any breach of the law. In the meantime the troops remain in the neighbourhood. The daily loss of wages by this state of inaction is estimated at from 3,500l. to 4,000l.

A TERRIBLE accident has occurred on the Erie Railway. A train, containing 300 passengers, when passing Carr's Rock, where the line is scooped out of the edge of the mountain, suddenly left the rails, and four of the carriages were hurled down the precipice into the foaming Delaware, 125 feet beneath. Twenty-nine are known to be dead, four are missing, and 69 wounded. It is a melancholy circumstance that, like many of the like accidents in America, the catastrophe was caused through ruthless economy, in fact from cheap and inefficient rails.

THE Abyssinian news was not received with universal satisfaction by the Paris papers. The majority of those published speak in terms of high praise of the victory of the English, but some appeared a little disappointed. The *Opinion Nationale*, which had all along prophesied evil of the expedition, found consolation in the fact that, at all events, Theodore had fallen fighting to the last; and with the 6,000 soldiers left him had upheld the national flag of Abyssinia.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

OLYMPIC.—We have to record the very successful production of a play called "Black Sheep" (taken from Mr. Yates's novel of that name) at this theatre on Saturday night. Though, as a rule, dramatised novels are not very satisfactory, and cannot be regarded as very high works of art, yet this instance has been, to a great extent, an exception; and owing to the admirable acting of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, and the concentrated construction of Mr. Palgrave Simpson, the piece is a legitimate success, and, what is more, a decided improvement on what we have been generally accustomed to, either in the dramatised novel form, or, indeed, in any other form of drama.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.—Mlle. Pereira continues to draw nightly large and fashionable audiences. In sensational effect she is as great as the lady who met lately with a misfortune here, Mlle. Azella, and accomplishes her most difficult and daring feats with the utmost grace. This, added to her prepossessing appearance, makes her an interesting favourite with the public. The circus performances are exceedingly clever; the artistes being Senor Eugene, Mlle. Giuseppe, Frank Pastor, Signor Albano, whose trick act is exceedingly good; Senor Ravano, Master George Perks, Senorita Virginia, Mons. Theodore, and Herr Hooke. The mid-air performance on the invisible wire of Mons. Caselli received much applause, and the jugglery of Mons. Agouste induces considerable amusement.

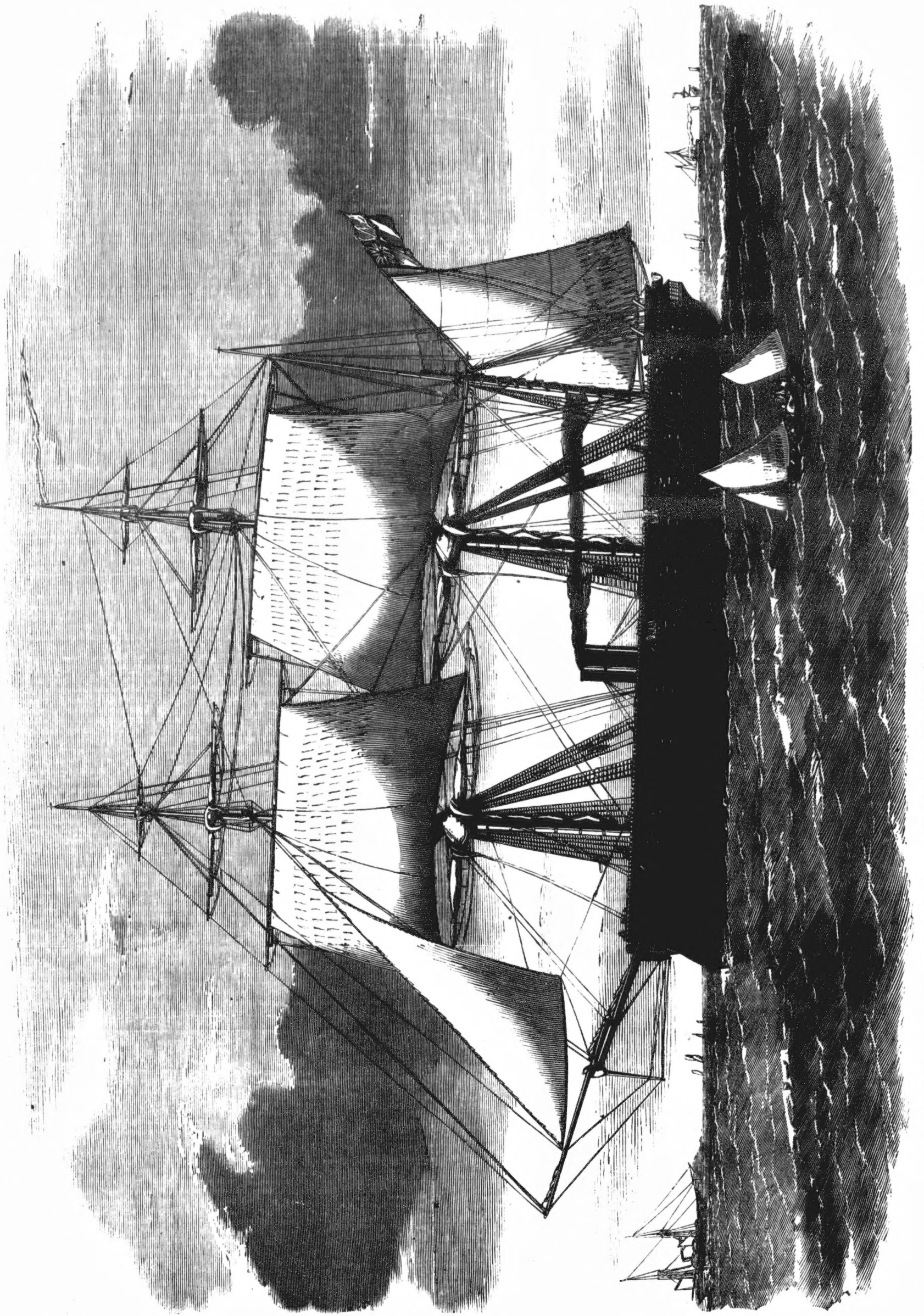
CREMORNE.—The opening ball, or, as Mr. E. T. Smith has christened it, the "Bachelors' Ball," took place in the International Ball-room, at Cremorne, on Thursday evening. We are pleased to be able to state that the ball was a complete success, there being between 400 and 500 persons present. The worthy lessee kept his word with the public to the letter. The ball-room was elegantly and tastefully decorated, and a covered way, forming a complete corridor from the riverside entrance of the hotel to the ball-room, thoroughly protected the fair visitors from the inclemency of the weather. The supper arrangements were all that could be desired, and of a very recherche character. Dancing was kept up with great spirit to the enlivening strains of Marriott's capital quadrille band until a late, or rather early, hour, and we do not hesitate to say that no one present regretted their visit to Cremorne on the occasion of Mr. E. T. Smith's Bachelors' Ball.

ALHAMBRA PALACE.—We are of opinion that some limit should be established, beyond which "spirited managers" should not be allowed to go, in catering for the amusement of the public. That, as a mere matter of spectacle, the ballet at the Alhambra is unrivalled we are prepared to admit, but, at the same time, we must protest most earnestly against the introduction upon the boards of a Music Hall of Finette, who came with a peculiar reputation from the Lyceum, where she was barely tolerated even by the most indifferent of playgoers. To introduce this *Parisienne* to those whom Mr. Strange is pleased to call his patrons is to outrage decency and insult the popular taste. The *can-can* can never be made an institution in England. We do not wish to see its lascivious interpreters amongst us. Even the painted butterflies with whom the Alhambra literally swarms night after night may be heard to express their disgust at the unseemly exhibition. An utter disregard for conventionalities marks this last blunder of the Alhambra management. All we can say is, Finette is worthy of the *can-can*, the *can-can* is worthy of Finette. If the Lord Chamberlain, be a cipher, let the fact be known at once, and the force of licensing put a stop to. To veto Dickens at the Queen's, and to tolerate Finette at the Alhambra is to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel of huge dimensions. We hope that the management of the Alhambra will be wise in time and withdraw this sickening and unfeminine exhibition, which is as injurious to the morals of the community, as is a pestilence to the public health.

MR. ROBERT HELLER'S SEANCES, POLYGRAPHIC HALL.—We confess that we went to see Mr. Heller with a very vivid recollection of Houdin and Anderson in our minds—that is to say, that we wrapped ourselves up in critical severity as with a mantle, and were fully prepared to find fault should opportunity be given, but in all candour it must be admitted that Mr. Heller is so accomplished a master of his art that he disarms criticism and commands admiration. It is not often that with admirable sleight of hand you find a fund of humour; nevertheless, we distinctly assert that Heller combines the skill of Houdin with the dry and searching humour of Artemus Ward. His self-possession is admirable; his manner unaffected; and his tricks have the merit of being original as well as startling. To those who have not yet visited the Polygraphic Hall, we say, go; to those who have been, we need not say, go again. Among the deceptions (all of which are superlatively good) it is difficult to particularize any one as being cleverer than another, still we may mention those called "The Witch's Pole," "Heller's System of Making Money Out of Nothing," "A Musical Relation," and "The Tub of Diogenes," the effect of the flock of ducks in the latter being peculiarly funny and entertaining. Mr. Heller uses no visible machinery, and may be called the Prince of Wizards. His very name is suggestive of diablerie and unlawful communion with the Powers of Darkness. A mysterious dove, hidden in an obscure part of the hall, is heard to utter weird, unearthly cries at intervals, which lead one to believe that it is Mr. Heller's familiar spirit undergoing horrible mental or physical agony for not having obeyed some command of its master. We advise our readers by all means to visit Mr. Heller's very clever entertainment, which is by far the best of its kind ever presented to an audience.

ROSHERVILLE GARDENS.—Under the able management of the spirited proprietor who now caters for the amusement of the public at Rosherville, the gardens have assumed an aspect of general excellence, which puts them at the head of all similar places of amusement. We know of no spot in Europe more worthy of admiration than Rosherville Gardens. Art has aided Nature in such a manner as to produce a treat for the lovers of the beautiful that cannot be rivalled elsewhere, for Nature has been very lavish of her gifts in this favoured locality, where landscape gardening reaches its perfection. The walks on the cliff, under which the gardens lie, command a magnificent view of the surrounding country and the river Thames, upon whose bosom glide vessels from all parts of the world, bringing wealth to the merchant princes of the modern Tyro, or carrying rich freights to distant lands. The tower has been beautified with stained glass windows, every one of a different hue. It is here that the panoramic view is most appreciated. The theatre is elegant and commodious. Every accommodation is provided for refreshment. There is a hall and a platform for dancing; and, added to these, we find a maze, a gipsy's tent, a museum, &c., which render Rosherville a paradise for the young, and an enchanted vale of delight for all. The foliage of the many trees offers a grateful shade; innumerable winding paths cut in the solid rock enable the visitor to retire from the crowd, behind which other devices ways conduct to *parterres* of flowers, caves of bears, doves, and peacock-houses, the walks being fringed with shrubs, relieved with statuary. The air is fresh and invigorating; the scenery romantic in the extreme; the management beyond criticism; and the overworked Londoner, the party in search of enjoyment, and the holiday-maker generally cannot do better, now that the sweet springtime is coming, than run down by boat or rail to Rosherville—the happy and the blest.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER, one of the confraternity of our musical journalists, has, we are told, emigrated, to set up his pen in America, and, possibly, there to produce his cantata, "Tam o' Shanter."



THE "DEFENCE," IRONCLAD, ACCOMPANYING THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO IRELAND.

MR. GLADSTONE.

THE leader of the Opposition has addressed the following to a contemporary:—

Sir,—Though reluctant to attempt any encroachment on your space with reference to personal matters, I feel that I have no alternative, at a time when personal charges, however irrelevant, are employed as the means of injuring or impeding a great cause.

Within the last fortnight, or thereabouts, the following statements, purporting to be of fact, have been assiduously circulated respecting me in different parts of the country:

1. That when in Rome I made arrangements with the Pope to destroy the Church Establishment in Ireland, with some other like matters, being myself a Roman Catholic at heart.

2. That during and since the Government of Sir Robert Peel I have resisted and (till now) prevented the preferment of Dr. Wynter.

3. That I have publicly condemned all support of the clergy in the three kingdoms from Church or public funds.

4. That, when at Balmoral, I refused to attend Her Majesty to Crathie Church.

5. That I have received the thanks of the Pope for my proceedings respecting the Irish Church.

6. That I am a member of a High Church Ritualistic congregation.

Aware how, in times of public excitement, rumour grows and gathers through the combined action of eagerness, credulity, and levity, I will not bestow a single harsh word upon any of those statements. Neither will I advert to the cause to which some of

MUSIC HALL PERFORMANCES.

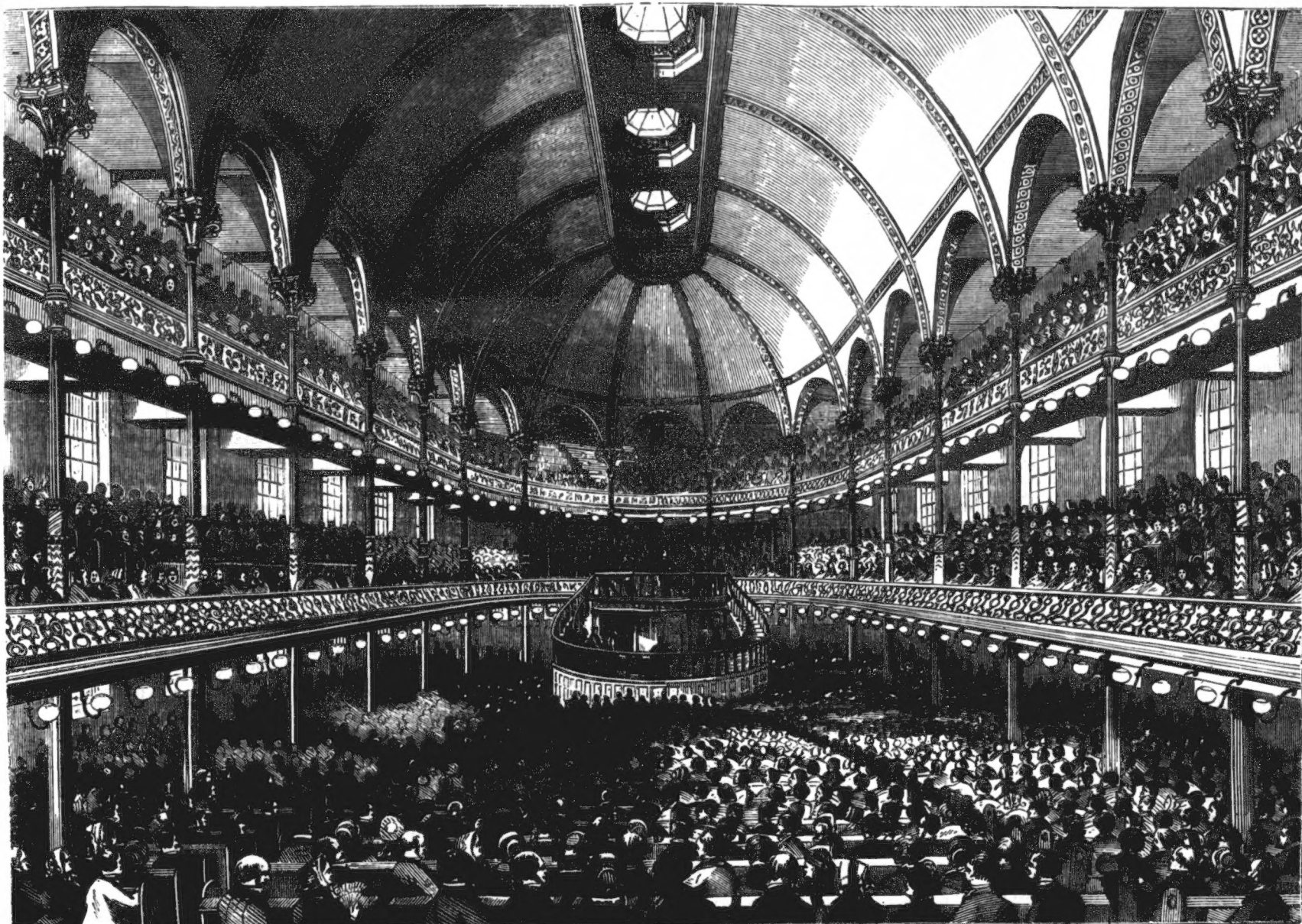
THERE is a subject that is constantly having the attention of all connected with Music Hall performances upon which we feel desirous to say a word or two. We have noticed, at different times, artists who have made a particular name in their profession, obtaining a deserved notoriety which has formed a capital for them in after engagements, but we have also observed that no sooner does the return for their arduous labours begin to display itself than some active imitator arises, and, by the assumption of a similar name, endeavour to profit by the other's reputation, under false colours. This is not as it should be—"Fair play is a jewel." Do not let us, therefore, be misguided by the "paste" of subterfuge. Why this should be so common a fault to find with certain artists we are at a loss to say, because the chances are that the talent of the imitator may not be beyond comparison with his original, and the public is not so ignorant as to be altogether misled by a slight difference in the spelling of a name. The applause of the audience, or, perhaps it would be better to say, the patronage of the public, is peculiarly independent. It will follow real talent under whatever name it may go, and it is not transferable merely because of a likeness in name. This may be probably a reason why many very popular singers at our Music Halls choose a designation which strikes people in the outer world as not being redolent of moderate refinement. It is very natural to feel that Mr. Nash would not be a bit less "Jolly" without his customary appellation, nor Mr. Vance a bit less "Great" if he were to put himself before the public without any special recommendation of his own. Upon such matters the *Express*, writes:—

MR. SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE.

We give on the present page an interior view of Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, at Newington Butts, in which the recent great meeting was held in support of Mr. Gladstone's resolutions. As will be seen, the place is capable of holding an immense number of people.

THE NEW DOG TAX.

THE new dog tax occupied rather a prominent place in the Budget debate. Its success was referred to by the Chancellor of the Exchequer as a strong argument in favour of turning assessed taxes into excise duties. Under the former system the number of dogs upon which the tax was paid up to April, 1867, was 445,645. Under the new system no less than 828,341 licences were taken out between April and December of last year. The produce of the licences, which was originally estimated at £300,000, was, in fact, last year £360,000, and there will be, of course, a considerable increase this year. One reason why excise duties are preferable to assessed taxes is, in Mr. Hunt's opinion, that in the latter case a return of the articles liable to taxation is not asked for till the end of the year, when even conscientious persons may forget, and unscrupulous persons have a pretext for pretending to forget, the date of changes made in their establishments, as, for instance, when Fido became an inmate, or James had his hair powdered, or the family arms were displayed on plate and carriage-panels. Again, people sometimes die or become bankrupt before paying what they owe to the Government. In the case of excise licences these difficulties are obviated by the money being paid in advance.



INTERIOR OF MR. SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE, NEWINGTON BUTTS.

them may be due; for I am determined to avoid, as long as it may be possible, envenoming a great political controversy, and what I think a noble cause, with the elements of religious bigotry and hatred. But I will, in the first place, declare that these statements, one and all, are untrue, in letter and in spirit from beginning to the end. And since it is impossible for me to continue entangled, as I have recently been, in the searches and correspondences which such fictions entail, I venture to request all persons whatsoever that may be interested in the matter, if any like statements should hereafter come under their view, in the interest of truth to withhold their belief.

To more vague and general charges this is not the place to refer.—I have the honour to be Sir, your faithful servant,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

FATAL COLLISION ON THE NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.—On Friday morning between five and six o'clock a fatal collision occurred on the North-Eastern Railway, near to the Raskelf Station, which is about 15 miles from York. It appears that a train of waggons, containing goods and cattle, was being shunted a short distance from the above station, when a coal train approaching towards York ran into the goods train, and a fearful collision was the result. The waggons were smashed to pieces, and both the up and down lines were completely blocked up with the wreck. Mr. Scott, steward to Major Stapylton, of Myton Hall, and a labourer in Major Stapylton's employ, who were in charge of the cattle, were both killed. Some hours elapsed before both the lines could be cleared, and the Government train from the north did not arrive in York until more than an hour after it was due. The other trains kept their times. A dense fog prevailed at the time of the collision.

GREY or faded hair restored to its original colour by F. E. SIMON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

"The Music Hall 'artistes,' as they call themselves, though occasionally patronised by Royalty, and petted by the other extreme of society, are very generally and deservedly abused by the press for their rampant vulgarity. In numbers they now exceed the members of the dramatic profession, in cleverness they often equal their rivals, their songs and airs form the backbone of nearly every West-end burlesque and extravaganza, and yet the estimation in which they are held is very low—and mainly for one reason. No person with any pretension to taste can look at a Music Hall programme or advertisement without feeling that the way in which the names of the performers are put before the public is susceptible of vast improvement. A man's name may be William Gubbins, but why should he be paraded as Bill Gubbins? A woman's name may be Louisa Spriggins, but why should she be called Louey Spriggins? This vulgarity is not confined to London or England, but reaches wherever Music Hall 'talent' penetrates. An American saloon bill tells up that he 'company consists of Charley White, Josh Hart, Lew Brimmer, Dan Collins, Lizzie Whelpley, and Lottie la Point. Did anyone, ever meet with such a list of names except in a thieves' kitchen or a threepenny lodging-house in St. Giles? The stage is not free from this infection, and we could imagine half-a-dozen Nellies, Millies, and Pollies who would be much more charming if they were known by the names that were given to them by their godfathers and godmothers. There are artists who paint for the Royal Academy, and artists who paint for the best parlours of the lower middle-class, but the pictures by one hand are advertised much in the same way as pictures by the other. We no more hear of stunning landscapes by Charley Palette or Josh Septa than we do of books by Charley Reade and poems by Bob Browning."

As our desire is to see Music Hall talent achieve a proper professional position in the eyes of the world, we may be excused for drawing attention to a weakness which, if avoided, would leave the detractors of such talent at least one snarl the less.—*Music Hall's Gazette*.

A WINE MERCHANT'S STRATAGEM.

A WINE merchant at Rheims named Blondeau, whose champagne has not hitherto been appreciated by a discerning public, bethought himself a short time since of a stratagem by which he could increase the number of his customers. He discovered a lady whose married name was Clicquot—a widow too—and taking her into partnership, he advertised his wine as the wine of Veuve Clicquot et Cie. But the original Veuve Clicquot was not a woman to submit tamely to such an aggression, and she at once cited M. Blondeau and the Veuve Clicquot No. 2 before the civil tribunal of the Seine for having fraudulently assumed the celebrated name and style of her firm. The tribunal attempted to patch up the matter amicably, whereupon the original Veuve Clicquot appealed to a higher court, which taking a sterner view of the proceeding satisfied itself that the new firm had been got up for the sole purpose of gaining an unfair advantage over the old one, and decreed that the Veuve Clicquot No. 2 should withdraw her name from M. Blondeau's circulars and corks, and that that enterprising speculator should pay to the original Veuve Clicquot 20,000 francs damages.

A STRANGE AND TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.—A strange and terrible accident occurred on Wednesday to a carter named Ottiwell, in the employ of Messrs. Simons, the proprietors of chemical works at Little Chester, near Derby. Ottiwell was conveying a wagon-load of vitriol from the works, and in descending Highland-hill, near Alfreton, the weight of the wagon overpowered the horses, and the vehicle upset. The vitriol jars being broken by the shock both the horses were speedily burnt to death, and the driver so fearfully injured that his life is despaired of.

WALKER'S HALF-GUINIA HATS, equal in appearance and durability to those generally sold at 14s. 6d. each at the usual retail houses.—WALKER, Hatter, 49, Crawford-street, Marylebone.—[ADVT.]

THEATRES.

COVENT GARDEN.—Italian Opera. Half-past Eight.
 DRURY LANE.—Italian Opera. Half-past Eight.
 HAYMARKET.—A Co-Operative Movement—A Hero of Romance—Intrigue. Seven.
 PRINCESS'S.—Poor Pillioddy—Jeanie Deans—Number One Round the Corner. Seven.
 ADELPHI.—Go to Putney—No Thoroughfare. Seven.
 OLYMPIC.—The Head of a Family—Black Sheep—Hit and Miss; or, All My Eye and Betty Martyn. Seven.
 LYCEUM.—The Japanese. Eight.
 STRAND.—Sisterly Service—The Field of the Cloth of Gold—Marriage at Any Price. Seven.
 PRINCE OF WALES'S.—A Dead Shot.—Play—A Silent Protector. Eight.
 NEW QUEEN'S.—Mary Jones—Oliver Twist. Seven.
 NEW ROYALTY.—Daddy Gray.—The Merry Zingara—Quite at Home. Half-past Seven.
 HOLBORN.—The Post Boy—The White Fawn—Special Performances.
 ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—Equestrianism, &c. Eight.
 SURREY.—Poor Humanity—The Trapper Trapped. Seven.
 SADLER'S WELLS.—Professor Anderson's Entertainment.
 STANDARD.—The Duchess of Malfi—A Royal Marriage. Seven.
 BRITANNIA.—Avarice—The Wolf of the Pyrenees. Quarter before Seven.
 PAVILION.—Mazepa, &c.
 CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.
 EGYPTIAN HALL.—Maccabe's Entertainment, "Begone, Dull Care." Eight.
 ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy's Minstrels. Eight.
 EGYPTIAN HALL.—Gustave Doré's Great Paintings. Eleven till Six. The Hall is lighted with gas day and night.
 GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment. Eight.
 POLYTHEATRE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.
 MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—Open from Eleven till dusk, and from Seven till Ten.
 ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Eight.
 NATIONAL ASSEMBLY ROOMS, HOLBORN.—Half-past Eight.
 POLYGRAPHIC HALL.—Mr. Heller's Entertainment.
 ZOOLGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.—Open daily.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FROM.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum; Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds; Museum of Economic Geology, Jernyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 6, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.)

The Illustrated Weekly News.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1868.

THE ABYSSINIAN BUBBLE.

Few people imagined that King Theodore with his 15,000 fighting men would collapse so easily as he has done before the admirable strategy of Sir Charles Napier, who well deserves the peerage he will no doubt receive. The ease with which Sir Robert brushed aside Theodore's attack and captured his stronghold, with great slaughter of the wretched natives, without loss to our soldiers, is very apt to dwarf the achievement in the minds of those who look for long lists of killed and wounded after every battle. The greatness of the success does not consist in beating the miserable Abyssinian monarch, who, like a bull charging a railway train, ventured to measure his clumsy artillery, his spears and shields, against Armstrong guns and Snider rifles. The result of a battle was as certain beforehand as any unaccomplished event could possibly be, and Sir Robert Napier, like a humane and generous soldier, doubtless used his terrible superiority of strength in killing no more of the native soldiers than was necessary to break down their resistance and insure him the victory. Any great national congratulation over the mere fighting would be out of place; but we have every reason to be very much gratified with the mode in which an expedition so extremely difficult, and so completely out of the beaten track of warlike enterprises, has been conducted to a triumphant conclusion. Abyssinia is, without exception, the most difficult country in which any modern army has operated, and the difficulties were precisely of that nature which would have dispirited and baffled a force not controlled by a leader of the proper stamp, and not amply provided with every supply which gold could purchase or energy command. Ministers at home supplied the General with everything but that which he wanted most—viz., a military train—and that had to be improvised out of the most unpromising material collected from the coasts of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. The expedition from first to last represents the triumph of exact and scientific preparations over nature

and a savage kingdom; it is a romance of the struggle of civilisation against barbarism; it exhibits the "art of doing things well" in its neatest and finest finish. The contract of our soldiers with the State has been kept to the letter; we were asked to pay for so many men, such and such munitions and transports, to be patient for so many months, and to give the astute Indian chiefs of the enterprise our confidence, while they deserved it; and then, we were promised that the English prisoners should be rescued and our honour vindicated, like a Paris dinner, *a prix fixe*. Well, the pledge has been redeemed to the last iota; and, to do this, Fortune stood but for very little. An army several thousand strong, with all its inevitable impedimenta, and cumbrous train of guns, cattle, and followers, has been pushed up through a wilderness of ravines and precipices where light-laden travellers could scarcely pass. It has cut a road as it went, formed and secured depots, and day by day climbed higher and deeper among these dark uplands of the watershed of the Nile. Eager and resolute, but orderly as on parade, it has wormed its way to peaks nearly as lofty as Mont Blanc, gazed on wild Libyan towns and forests unknown before to geography, till at the close of the tremendous march its fighting columns gathered up, stripped themselves of all but the stern instruments of actual battle, and then, like hounds with the quarry in view, made right at the throat of King Theodore's power. There is probably nothing in ancient history so picturesque or so romantic as our conception of that fierce, sure, resistless, indomitable line of British troops, emerging at last upon the stony plateau of Magdala, and hardly taking breath before the Black King's troops and they are fighting for the Abyssinian capital and the captives. But this was the easiest part of all. The country, with its natural strongholds of rock and gorge, once defeated, the monarch and his naked legions could not stop the stride of those messengers of anger and justice for a moment. Touching the sea still with one long arm and striking with the other, the affronted Majesty of England made instant work of the African tyrant. We cannot call the affair a battle, it was an "armed execution." The thing was over when the English soldiers saw the faces of their enemies; there was a bloody repulse of the foolish hordes of Theodore, a bombardment which tamed what was left of courage in the Amharic chivalry, a rush at the rude gates of Magdala, and then the war was accomplished. No praise or gratitude can be grudged to its leaders, or to the rank and file; the campaign was "won with legs," but it was finished with steel, bullet, and bombshell, and never was a piece of service better "done to specification." After admitting all this we must say that there are some things about the enterprise which form less pleasant topics for reflection than the triumphant rescue of the captives. These, so far as England was concerned, consisted of Consul Cameron and Envoy Rassam, with their respective companions. Their liberation has cost us 5,000,000, at least, and the responsibility of killing 500 miserable creatures, besides striking down with wounds 1,500 more. There were three occasions when a little more wisdom on the part of the departments at home would have prevented the whole of this expensive, difficult, and at times even dangerous expedition. When Mr. Plowden urged Lord Palmerston, in 1848, to make him Consul in those regions, he attacked the late Premier on his weak side, for he could not resist the temptation of having something to say even in the affairs of a kingdom as rude as Abyssinia, forgetful of the responsibility which he was assuming in the name of his country, which was kept in entire ignorance of the appointment, or the reasons for this new expenditure of public money. But since Theodore was acknowledged by the accrediting to him of a consular representative, it was at least expedient to treat him with common respect and courtesy. Had a civil answer been sent to the letter which the wretched Emperor wrote, wishing to be allowed to come to this country to see the marvels of our civilisation, we might have taught him something useful for his people in the arts of peace, something which might have made Abyssinia a rich tributary to our commerce, in place of becoming a heavy burden upon our overtaxed population. Even after that chance had been missed, and the complications had begun by the sending up of Mr. Rassam to obtain the liberation of Mr. Cameron, there was a time when a peaceful solution seemed not only possible but extremely hopeful. Her Majesty received Mr. Plad most graciously, and it was determined to send up the presents which Theodore expected in return for the 5,000 dollars he had presented to Mr. Rassam. The poor half-crazed fellow wanted to have his eyes opened with the wonders of our mechanical power. The presents were bought and sent to Massowah, but the Cabinet suddenly changed its mind and determined to effect its purpose by force. The result has been a great success at an enormous cost. We do not say a word about the religious argument which will naturally occur to many minds in connection with the day when the fight took place. But, purely from political and moral considerations, we submit the question whether all consuls in the same position as Mr. Cameron ought not to be recalled and pensioned off, and whether it would not be more patriotic for the departments of Government to abstain from gross blunders for the future. The General and the soldiers have done their part nobly, and under the *clat* of their success the blunderers will doubtless try to shelter themselves from censure.

GREY or faded hair is restored to its original color and beauty and a luxuriant growth promoted by Mrs. S. A. Allen's improved and combined World's Hair Restorer and Dressing Six Shillings per bottle. Her Zylabalsam for the young, Three Shillings. European Depot, 268, High Holborn. Sold by all wholesale dealers, and retail by most chemists and perfumers.—[ADVT.]

PUBLIC OPINION.

MARSHAL NARVAEZ AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

NARVAEZ, with all his cruelties and his crimes against humanity, was truly a representative man in his own country. Lately, indeed, he had borrowed some of the more modern ideas of Napoleonism. Without abandoning his favourite office of executioner, or ceasing altogether to shoot and to proscribe malcontents, he had set himself to divert the minds of Queen's Isabella's subjects from foolish political and intellectual aspirations by promoting public works, and by encouraging the speculations of foreign capitalists. He had begun to inaugurate a régime of games, and shares, and parish roads, and public amusements; of everything for the people, and nothing by the people—except the taxes. Whether he would have succeeded by such a machinery of government as this in consolidating arbitrary power to Spain, and facing the last vestige of public liberty, remains a problem which his successor, M. Gonzales Bravo, will have to solve under altered circumstances and conditions. Endowed with faculties and accomplishments which a Narvaez despises, he has neither the energy nor the consistency of purpose nor the prestige of the Minister the loss of whose imperious but powerful services Queen Isabella may perhaps find irreparable.—*Daily News*.

LORD RUSSELL'S NEW PAMPHLET ON IRELAND.

It is evident now to every observer that, though not objectionable in principle, the equal endowment of all religious sects, is impracticable in fact. When we have to storm a fortress like religious Toryism we require enthusiasm, and it is difficult to make men enthusiastic in favour of a middle course. As to the distribution of the funds accruing from the disendowment of the Irish Church, it is scarcely judicious on Lord Russell's part even to indicate their destination. That is not the business of the day. When we have the money we will then discuss its expenditure. We have no interest in complicating the present great problem by intermixing with it a corollary that should not be considered until we have cleared the way.—*Daily Telegraph*.

RAILWAY ADMINISTRATION.

It is absurd to expect that our railway system can be worked at a loss. If a railway is really to succeed, it must, like all other undertakings, pay its way. The great fact which is accountable for the present embarrassments is simply this—that a large class of persons was interested in the continuous and uninterrupted construction of railways, whether they paid or not, and these persons had sufficient influence with railway boards, or obtained sufficient power over them, to compel them to do their will. Occasionally directors were the confederates or allies of these parties; more frequently they were their victims. Nor does this represent the worst of the case. The various projects thus forced into existence were usually far more costly than they need have been, so that even an enterprise promising in itself became unremunerative in consequence of excessive expenditure. The mischief, however, seems at least suspended for the present, and a more judicious system of control on the part of proprietors may soon restore railway property to its due position.—*Times*.

MR. GLADSTONE AND HIS OPPONENTS.

Though Mr. Gladstone is kind enough to refer the falsehoods circulated about him to eagerness, credulity, and levity, there is no reason why the public should not look further into the case. Have we not seen, for example, special telegrams manufactured of the basest material, and published to plant suspicion in the mind of the country, and when the most weighty contradiction possible was given to their statements, have we not seen reluctance to accept the unwelcome correction, and more than an inclination to deny its authenticity? Nor is it possible to overlook the sanction which this mode of warfare has derived from the example of the First Minister of the Crown. Calumnious statements of this kind must henceforth be dealt with by the public in the exercise of its own good sense. The persistent dissemination of false and injurious reports must recoil on the party which resorts to it.—*Daily News*.

THE INDIAN COUNCIL.

Sir Stafford Northcote, in his speech upon Indian Government, does not seem to have apprehended the true question at issue in the objections that are made to the present constitution of the Indian Council. The knowledge wanted in the Council is the knowledge of India as it is, not of India as it used to be, and that knowledge, it is clear, would be most certainly forthcoming in men just returned from the country. A single conspicuous example will suffice for illustration. In a short time Sir John Lawrence will come home, and of all living men he would be the most competent to advise an Indian Minister in this country. But as the number of councillors is limited, Sir John could not possibly, except by the accident of a vacancy, be introduced to the Council, and the Government and the public would be deprived of his inestimable services until a time, perhaps when even his experience would have become obsolete in its turn.—*Times*.

THE BUDGET.

The additional 24 would not have been necessary if the Abyssinian expedition had been the sole recent financial event, and if the national expenditure had been what it was two years since: all that it yields is £2,900,000, almost exactly the amount of the ante-Abyssinian increase—of the gradual accretion, to which the cost of the expedition is to be added in a lump sum, and on a sudden. We could have done with a fourpenny income tax this year if we had done nothing but go to Abyssinia. In the choice of his methods of raising money the Chancellor of the Exchequer has acted wisely. He could not, without deranging commerce, alter the customs or excise, and it is not wise to derange commerce for short accidents. He is justified, too, in borrowing a million on exchequer bonds, if he pays it from the corresponding amount of delayed income tax; and if the Abyssinian expedition end on the 20th April no doubt the money can be so paid. He would have been wrong in postponing or disturbing the now yearly investment of stock into perpetual annuities, for the debt so paid now would never have been paid hereafter; and though the new bonds are only another substituted debt, yet that substituted is in a form which in fair and reasonable likelihood will be paid. Nothing can be more absurd than the old sinking fund, where we for years in appearance repaid debt by creating new securities that were facsimiles of the old; but there is not the same objection to an isolated transaction when the new security is in its form essentially transitory, and the old security in its form essentially permanent.—*Economist*.

BRUTE FORCE AT WIGAN.

At Wigan a strike planned with more than ordinary deliberation and worked with more ordinary violence is entirely successful. If the strike should be, as it promises to be, permanently successful, its evil consequences will not be confined to the Wigan colliers. They will be but the first to suffer. Even though higher wages should be, which is not likely, procured by this or a like irregular interference with law, although it is only capital which seems to suffer, it is the labour fund itself which is exposed to ruinous depletion. The Wigan colliers will only exhaust their own resources, and they will have to borrow money at a percentage at which even a Hebrew discounter would hesitate. In ruining their employers these men on strike will find that they have ruined themselves. The cotton hands might wish as much justice and as much foresight have done what the coal hands are now doing; but because they did not, Nature asserted her recupe-

rative force, and without violence, or wrong, or bloodshed, the difficulty cured itself. But not only is Wigan not Ashton, not only is cotton not coal, but trade unionism at the present moment is not what trade unionism was during the American war; it is something far more dangerous, because far more powerful.—*Saturday Review*.

PROTECTION FOR MARRIED WOMEN.

There are hundreds of ruffians whose wives have to support them and their children, while they spend their own earnings in the public-house. There are others who earn nothing themselves, and who drink whatever their wives earn. No one can calculate the amount of demoralisation and misery which is occasioned amongst the lower classes by the state of the law which permits such conduct; and one of the earliest consequences of Mr. Shaw Lefevre's bill would be the creation of a moral tone amongst the working orders which years of education would not produce.—*London Review*.

THE DISSOLUTION.

It would be a great misfortune that an appeal should not be made to the new constituencies of all the three kingdoms. But it is not to be supposed that the dissolution is to be delayed until the Scotch and Irish bills pass. Whether they pass or not, the dissolution must take place soon after the beginning of next January. It is desirable to wait until certain constituencies already created by law come into play, as the delay is only one of a very few months; but it would be wholly unconstitutional to wait, and keep in office a Ministry that has appealed to the country, until certain constituencies which have not been created, which are not known to the law, and which it is merely proposed to create, come into play.—*Saturday Review*.

THE GARDEN.

HARDY FRUIT GARDEN.

APRICOTS will need attention as respects thinning out the fruit, and the removal of any decayed fruit which happens to exist upon the trees. In thinning always remove the lesser fruit found to congest freely together, and do not attempt to thin them finally for some time to come. Many vicissitudes may befall them yet before the process of "screwing" has been carried to a successful issue. Let me repeat my warning concerning insects, *Aphis* pests, &c. "Blister," too, I fear is likely to be very prevalent this spring upon peach and nectarine trees. The deformed leaves, if not too numerous, had better be removed, as the enlargement of the bladder-like deformity cannot fail to be supported at the expense of the roots.

HARDY FLOWER GARDEN.

Warm sunny days and cool nights are said to induce a fine auricula bloom; we may therefore anticipate a good display of this very beautiful flower this season. The blooms as they expand will need a little shading when the sun is brightest, both for the purpose of keeping them from being scorched, and of insuring greater lasting capabilities. Nothing is better for the furtherance of this latter object, or, indeed, for the display of all the beautiful colours of which a plant or flower is possessed, than a good staple awning of canvas. Satisfy yourself that no aphides have found a lodgement about the plant, if they have, remove them carefully with a soft brush pencil. Choose from amongst your seedlings polyanthus, those alone which have the necessary properties, for the twofold purposes of seeding for future progeny, and for perpetuation by division. There is one rule strictly adhered to by old florists—namely, the fact that the colour of the "facing" should in all instances exactly correspond with that of the centre. Top-dress ranunculuses with well decomposed cowdung, after having first moved the ground around the plants well with the hoe. Those who have delayed transplanting carnations, pinks, &c., beyond the time I have recommended will not have a good display of young "stuff" this spring, as the present weather is anything but propitious for them. Give these, as well as beds of pinks, &c., a surface dressing with sifted leaf mould, or other well decomposed and pulverised manure. Tulips are sadly in want of warm, genial showers. Those who go to the little extra trouble and expense of protecting by means of "awnings," as recommended above, will be saved the mortification which others are sure to feel unless more genial weather come, and that shortly. Sow seeds of myosotis at once for flowering next spring, if blooming them early is desirable. Mr. Fleming informs me that his are already up; the same might be said of silenes. Propagate pansies where needful. Side shoots taken off and placed under hand-lights, properly shaded, will strike freely. Continue to pot off rooted cuttings of dahlias, harden them off by degrees, and, if required, place more cuttings in to strike.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Cardoons should now be sown. The best way to perform the operation is to sow them in patches along rows. The patches should be from 5 to 7 inches apart, and three or four seeds will be ample in each patch. The rows should be about 4 feet apart where more than one is needed. Lettuces of all sorts, cabbage included, may now be sown generally. Where delayed thus long, make without further delay the main sowings of beet, scorzonera, salify, &c. Transplant chamomile if a good free plant exists, otherwise it will be better to wait a while until further growth has been made upon the old roots. Rhubarb will now be very generally pushing up flowering stalks. These it is almost needless to assert should be wholly taken off at the ground line immediately they show, unless, indeed, in a few instances where seed-saving is an object. Sow such herbs as thyme, burnet, winter savory, chervil, purslane, &c., where a further supply of any of them is required. Each will thrive well sown in the open ground after this date. Asparagus will be coming in pretty freely now, and it will therefore be necessary to keep it cut regularly. To allow any of the most forward shoots to grow beyond what is really necessary for the purposes of cooking, is to impoverish the plants to an unnecessary degree, which in effect will be at the expense of weakening very materially all succeeding growths upon the same plants. Seekale plantations which may not have been used in the ordinary way for culinary purposes, should be gone very carefully through, cutting down each plant to the ground line if of sufficient strength to form during the summer two or three separate crowns. This will be needful also with the view of maintaining the plants dwarf, and to somewhat counteract their seed-producing efforts.—*W. E., in the Gardeners' Chronicle*.

On Sunday, says a Paris correspondent, there were but two subjects discussed, the unhappy news from Australia and the happy issue of the Abyssinian expedition. As to the first it is really little exaggeration to say that there was a general cry of horror. "What, that young Prince who was here last year; who was so amiable, so intelligent!" "That Prince who was such a bon enfant!" "That Prince who danced so charmingly—shot at and wounded! And for what!" The grand stand was a house of woe. On the other hand, I have never heard such congratulations as were poured out as libations in honour of the Magdala success. By a curious chance, I was the first to announce the event to the Prussian Ambassador. Baron de Goltz said, "It is splendid—magnificent! I congratulate England on this; there is no hesitation or failure here. Very grand affair!" Djemil Pasha followed on the same side, and was equally lavish of compliment. The Belgian Minister was not less strenuous in his congratulations. At the Princess Mathilde's, the two questions continued to occupy the assembly.

SPIRITUALISM.

THE Davenport Brothers and Mr. Fay have been displaying their old powers and new illusions at the Hanover-square Rooms. Their audiences have endeavoured in vain to detect the methods by which they produce the extraordinary effects that are illustrated by them. We do not go with the believers in Spiritualism in thinking they are not responsible for the cause that produces the effect, but we are willing to bear testimony to the interest which their representations create, and to the ability by which they defy scrutiny and puzzle the brain of the auditor. They have now been a long time in Europe, and whatever may be the opinions of factious opposititionists, there can be no doubt that they are the only successful performers of the kind the public have seen. What, however, in all probability, induced the riotous proceedings which attended one or two of their provincial engagements, was the assertion, made by their lecturer at the time, of their entire disconnection with trickery. There is a large number of people in England, and elsewhere in Europe, who believe that their American credentials are trustworthy, and that they are inspired by some special power not endowed upon other mortals. This we should like to see shared by fewer people than are to be met with; but American writers, and other men of stamp have done so much to religionise, as it were, spirit-rapping and table-turning, that it will be better left to time than argument to produce other and more sensible impressions.

Mr. Horace Greeley says, in his "Autobiographic Memoirs":—"It was early in 1850, that the Fox family—in which the so-called knockings had first occurred at the little hamlet known as Hydesville, near Newark, Wayne County, New York—came to New York and stopped at an hotel, where I called upon them and heard the so-called 'raps.' Nothing transpired beyond the 'rappings'; which, even if deemed inexplicable, did not much interest me. In fact, I should have regretted that any of my departed ones had been impelled to address me in the presence and hearing of the motley throng of strangers gathered around the table on which the 'raps' were generally made. I had no desire for a second 'sitting,' and might never have had one; but my wife—then specially and deeply interested in all that pertains to the unseen world, because of the recent loss of our darling 'Pickle'—visited the Foxes twice or thrice at their hotel, and invited them thence to spend some week or so with her at our house. There, along with much that seemed trivial, unsatisfactory, and unlike what might naturally be expected from the land of souls, I received some responses to my questions of a very remarkable character, evincing knowledge of occurrences of which no one not an inmate of our family in former years could well have been cognisant.

"It was the second or third day after the Foxes came to our house. I had worked very hard and late at the office the night before, reaching home after all others were in bed; so I did not rise till all had had breakfast and had gone out, my wife included. When I rose at last, I took a book and lay reading on a lounge in our front parlour, but soon fell into an imperfect doze, during which there called a Mrs. Freeman, termed a clairvoyante, from Boston, with her husband and an invalid gentleman. As they did not inquire for me, being unaware of us as well as indifferent to my presence in the house, they were shown into the back parlour, separated by sliding doors from that in which I was, and there they awaited the return of the Foxes, which occurred in about half-an-hour. The sliding doors being imperfectly closed, I drowsily heard the strangers urge the Foxes to accompany them to their hotel: saying, 'We feel like intruders here.' This impelled me to rise and go into the back parlour, in order to make the strangers welcome. Mrs. Freeman had been already, or was soon afterwards, magnetised by her husband into the state termed clairvoyance, wherein she professed to see spirits related to those who were put into magnetic rapport with her. What she reported as of or from those spirits might be ever so true or false for aught I know. At length—merely to make the strangers feel more at their ease—I said, 'Mr. Freeman, may not I be put into communication with spirits through Mrs. F.' To which he readily assented, placed my hand in hers, made a few passes, and bade me ask such questions as I would. As she had just reported the presence of spirit brothers and sisters of others, I asked, 'Mrs. Freeman, do you see any brothers or sisters of mine in the spirit world?' She gazed a minute intently, then responded—'Yes, there is one—his name is Horace'—and then proceeded to describe a child quite circumstantially. I made no remark when she had concluded, though it seemed to me a very wild guess, even had she known that I had barely one departed brother, that his name was identical with my own, though such was the fact. Resumed I: 'Mrs. Freeman, do you see any more brothers or sisters of mine in the spirit world?' She looked again as before; then eagerly said: 'Yes, there is another—her name is Anna—no; her name is Almira—no (perplexedly), I cannot get the name exactly—yet it begins with A.' Now the only sister I ever lost was named 'Arminda,' and she, as well as my brother, died before I was born—he being three, and she scarcely two years old. They were buried in a secluded rural graveyard in Bedford, New Hampshire, about sixty years ago, and no stone marks their resting-place. Even my wife did not know their names, and certainly no one else present but myself did. And if Mrs. F. obtained one of these names from my mind (as one theory affirms), why not the other as well? Since such was there as clearly as the other.

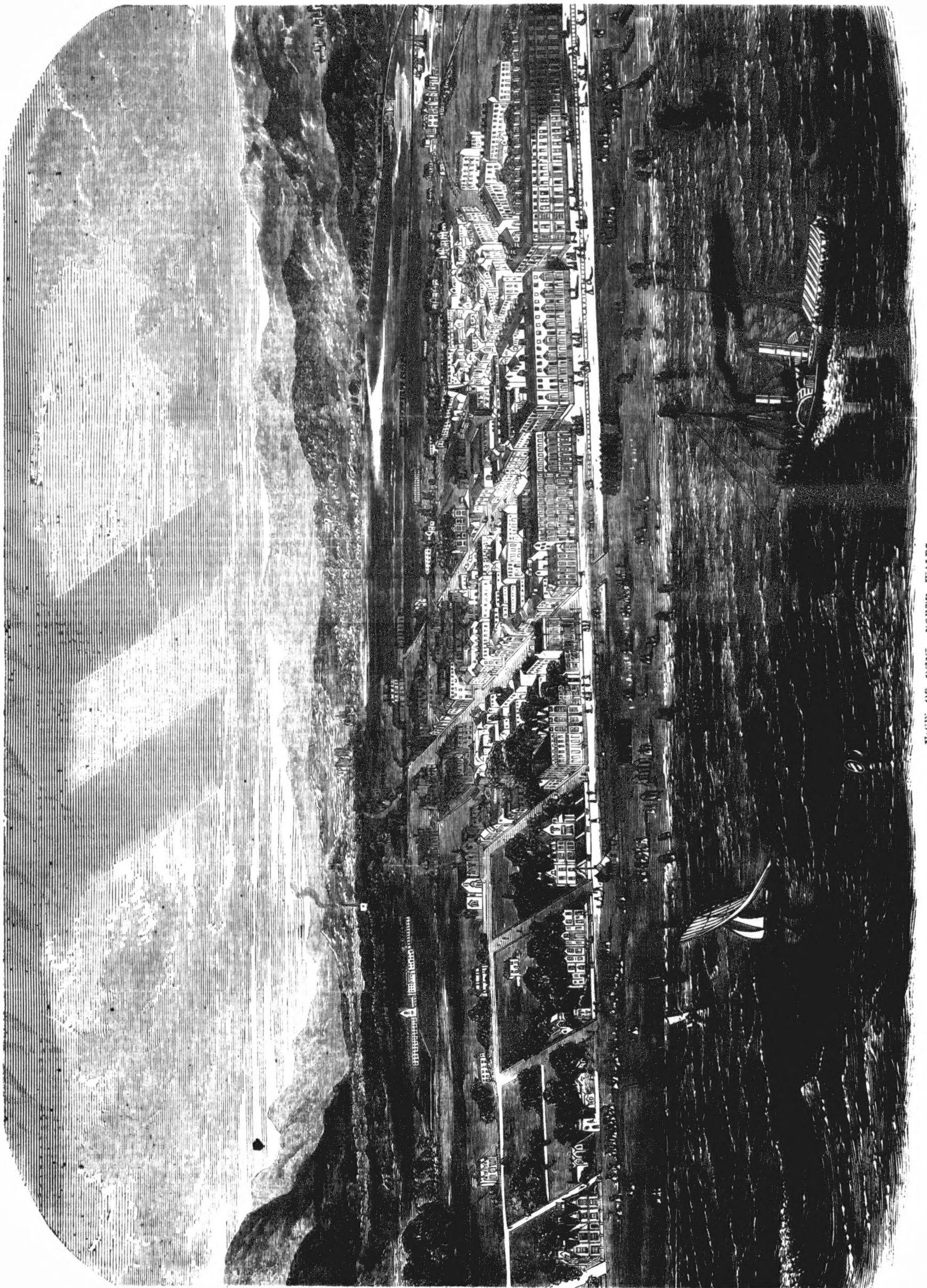
"Not long after this, I had called on Mdlle. Jenny Lind, then a new comer among us, and was conversing about the current marvel with the late N. P. Willis, while Mdlle. Lind was devoting herself more especially to some other callers. Our conversation caught Mdlle. Lind's ear and arrested her attention; so after making some inquiries, she asked if she could witness the so-called 'manifestations.' I answered that she could do so by coming to my house in the heart of the city, as Katy Fox was then staying with us. She assented, and a time was fixed for her call; at which time she appeared with a considerable retinue of total strangers. All were soon seated around a table, and the 'rappings' were soon audible and abundant. 'Take your hands from under the table!' Mdlle. Jenny called across to me, in the tone and manner of an indifferently bold archduchess. 'What?' I asked, not distinctly comprehending her. 'Take your hands from under the table!' she imperiously repeated; and now I understood that she suspected me of causing, by some legerdemain, the puzzling concussions. I instantly clasped my hands over my head, and there kept them until the sitting closed, as it did very soon.

"Not long afterwards, I witnessed what I strongly suspected to be a juggler or trick on the part of 'a medium,' which gave me a disrelish for the whole business, and I have seen very little of it since. I never saw a 'spirit hand,' though persons in whose veracity I have full confidence assure me that they have done so. I do not say that they were or were not deluded or mistaken; but I have sat with three others around a small table, with every one of our eight hands lying plainly, palpably on that table, and heard rapid writing with a pencil on paper, which, perfectly white, we had just previously placed under that table; and have, the next minute, picked up that paper with a sensible, straightforward message of twenty to fifty words fairly written thereon. I do not say by whom or by what the said message was written; yet I am quite confident that none of the persons present, who were visible to mortal eyes, wrote it."

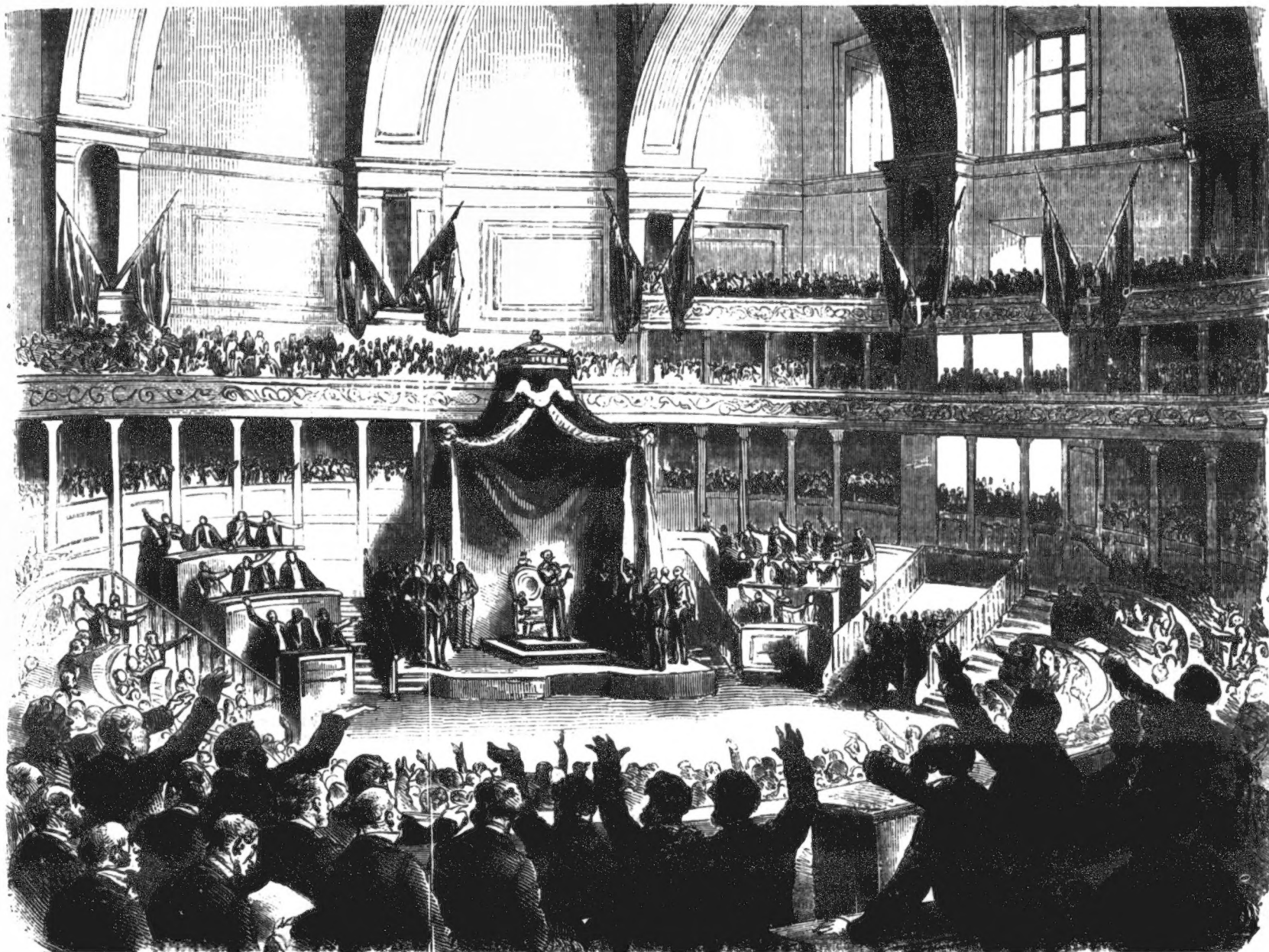
On Monday Mr. Owen was elected alderman of the ward of Bishopsgate in the place of the late Mr. Alderman Copeland. The ward voted passed a resolution, in which mention was made of the great services rendered to the ward by the late alderman. A resolution was also passed expressing the indignation of the meeting at the attempt to assassinate the Duke of Edinburgh.

THE FOREIGN OFFICE REPORT CONCERNING THE WAR ON THE RIVER PLATE.

ONLY last Saturday there appeared in our columns an article on the war on La Plata. The views expressed by us do not harmonise with those conveyed to Her Britannic Majesty's Government by its ministers in Brazil and Buenos Ayres and their agents; but they do harmonise with proven facts and with truth. The correspondence with the British Foreign Office by the ministers referred to is periodically published, being laid before Parliament as 'Papers on the War in the River Plate.' The last issue shows that the British ministers upon whom Lord Stanley relies are neither impartial nor well informed. Our minister at Monte Video is taciturn and guarded; public feeling in that city is against the war, and not only in the city, but throughout the State of which it is the capital. The minister at Buenos Ayres is surrounded by a powerful clique who are urgent for the war, although it is far from being popular in most other parts of the Argentine Confederation. The minister at Brazil obviously yields to the flattery and attentions of the Imperial Court and Cabinet, and denounces all opposed to them as enemies that ought to be subdued. The chief correspondence has been with Mr. Gould, Her Majesty's Secretary to the Buenos Ayres Legation, and which, whether fully or with reserve, has been laid lately before Parliament. Mr. Gould praises, as he has always done, whatever is Brazilian, and despises everything connected with the Paraguayans. His present communications are strangely contradicted by the Commander of Her Majesty's gunboat *Dutroel*, who has seen much more than Mr. Gould. But who are we to believe? No doubt that the very exaggerated reports of Mr. Gould last year did a great deal of harm, by representing the allies as stronger than they really were, and the Paraguayans as weaker than events proved them to be. Last year's report comes too late to do much harm, as our monied men will be very careful about lending money now to any of the belligerents. Nearly all, if not all, the working capital in Brazil, the Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay is English. More than 25 millions sterling are invested in public undertakings, as loans, banks, railways, and mines, and certainly more than 50 millions sterling by private parties. Such a large English interest ought to be protected in some way, and not be jeopardised through the ambition of Brazil. It is therefore necessary that all false, and even exaggerated, reports favourable to the allies should be exposed. It is alleged that to make themselves agreeable with the European powers who might, it is supposed, be induced to step in and favour the views of Brazil—namely, England and France, that it is under the consideration of the Cabinet of "San Cristoval" and his Imperial Majesty to induce the Emperor's eldest daughter, and presumptive heir to the crown, and married to a Bourbon, to give up her rights in favour of her younger sister, married to a Saxe-Coburg. By doing so it was believed Queen Victoria and Napoleon would be pleased, and induced to support the Imperial interest. But if this scheme were carried out, whether it would help the Brazilians out of their difficulties is quite another question. Neither the British nor French Governments will be disposed to burn their fingers by interfering with South American wars or revolutions. It is obvious enough that the ministers employed by England there are willing to condescend to such a result by the most contradictory and faithless representations. Mr. Gould went to Paraguay ostensibly for the purpose of demanding the release of British subjects said to be detained there. He does his best to leave that impression upon the minds of his superiors, although nearly all the British there were under contract as medical men or engineers. He represents them as being compelled to stand in the Paraguayan lines under the fire of the enemy, although official proof is furnished that only six English were with the army, and nearly all of them were medical men. He affirms that some 40 English have perished since hostilities commenced, but conceals the fact that this included women and children who died of ordinary diseases, suicides, and casualties; and that he is unable to show even one case of a British subject perishing because he was forced into the army. When the Foreign Minister of Paraguay complained to Mr. Gould of the open assistance rendered to its enemies, that gentleman had the extraordinary assurance to deny this, declaring that if any aid came from England Her Majesty's Government did not know it, and when brought under its recognition such would be promptly stopped. Yet every one in England conversant with public transactions knows that the Brazilian navy was built in British dockyards, and that trial trips of speed and power were made on the Thames in the presence of multitudes of spectators before those iron-clads crossed the Atlantic. At this moment there is no department of the Brazilian service in which great aid and succour is not given by Englishmen, and many such have perished in this war; but neither Mr. Gould or any others of the diplomatists concerned place these facts upon the pages of their correspondence. When in Paraguay the Secretary of the Buenos Ayres Legation complains that he was not treated with respect, nor allowed to see anything; which was very reasonable on the part of the authorities, who knew him to be as bitter an enemy as the Brazilians, whose cause he endeavoured to promote. But the commander of the *Dutroel* was received by the President with a courtesy which the gallant sailor gratefully acknowledges, and he was allowed to inspect the fortifications and view all the positions of the army. President Lopez was not afraid that a British officer would betray to the enemy a knowledge of his positions, but he had no reliance upon the slippery diplomatist. Mr. Gould represents the army of Marshal Lopez, the Paraguayan Commander, as about 17,000, two-thirds of whom are old men and boys, yet he describes the works to be defended by them as 15 miles in extent, and since then they have defended them with efficiency and success. The commander of the *Dutroel* gunboat, who really saw them, declared in his report that they were splendid troops. Mr. Gould represented them as starving, almost naked, without munitions of war or provisions. The officer of the British gunboat describes them as well supplied, well armed, full of enthusiasm, and the camp possessing vast numbers of cattle. The British minister tells his superiors that the allies can easily storm the fortified works; the British naval officer represents them as impenetrable. The Marquis de Caxias, the best commander in Brazil, has since attempted to storm a single fort, with three or four times the number of the men who defended it, and, after fearful loss of life, was beaten. The quasi mediator between Brazil and Paraguay describes the latter as dominated by a tyrant, but the people are enthusiastically and fanatically attached to him; the British officer speaks of him as a noble-minded and gallant gentleman and soldier. Lopez is, in truth the constitutional President of a free people, and a man of singular justice and generosity. Some of the pieces of intelligence sent home by Mr. Gould are of the oddest nature. He says the Paraguayans began the war with some dozen ships, which have nearly all been sunk or taken; and then, as if he quite forgot that statement, estimates their numbers at present as nearly that amount. He also says that the Paraguayans were, when he wrote, armed with old flint locks and a few Minie rifles taken from the enemy. Now, Paraguay had bought, long before the war, many thousands of Minie and other rifles in England and elsewhere, as is well known in Europe. It is painfully evident that the diplomatic corps in that part of the world, whatever else they are good for, are unable to procure correct information, and unable even to write without self-contradiction and absurdity what information they do receive. It is said that, while our diplomatic agents cost us so much, they are often worth so little. At all events this Foreign Office report is of no use whatever either to the House to which it was presented or to the public.



VIEW OF RMYL, NORTH WALES.



MARRIAGE OF PRINCE HUMBERT—ADDRESS OF THE KING IN THE OLD HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY AT TURIN.

The Baddington Peerage.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LORD BADDINGTON MEETS WITH AN UNEXPECTED SHOCK.

A GENTLEMAN'S carriage in the crowded, narrow streets of the city always puzzles me mightily. It seems a social anomaly. I look on it as I would at a fly in amber—(did I ever happen to see such a phenomenon; which I never did). I met the Archbishop of Canterbury's chariot once in Barbican: fat purple footmen, mitred panels, shovel hat, and silk apron inside, complete. I am sure I followed the vehicle full two hundred yards, and I dare say the devout bystanders thought I was desirous of craving the archiepiscopal benediction. His Grace did not bless me: but I blessed myself if I could account for his presence in that dingy locality. What do the drones so near the working bees? What did the purple and fine linen of Lambeth Palace so near the greasy corduroy and foul cotton rags of Smithfield and Whitecross Street? To be sure, the good Archibald Campbell Tait, Bishop of London, has preached to the cabmen in a stable-yard near Cow Cross since then. But what could J. B. Cantuar want in Barbican? I asked. The only private carriage one ought to see in the city is the Countess of Jersey's brougham—is not her ladyship a partneress in Child's bank?—or the Lord Mayor's coach.

Similar thoughts may have come over peripatetic philosophers in 1835, as the patent axle wheels of Viscount Baddington's carriage honoured the stones of the Old Bailey, with almost noiseless revolution, and as, his lordship inside the vehicle, the horses' heads were turned Mayfair-wards. And, of a truth, his Lordship seemed in strange companionship; for a butcher's boy in a suet cart, with a trotting pony, dared follow immediately behind the vice-comital carriage, whistling defiantly, and ever and anon addressing irreverent witticisms to the vice-comital footmen, principally directed against the gleaming calves of those officials; while, before the carriage, had the impertinence to rattle on a vile knacker's cart, bound to Cow Cross, an unhandsome van, in front of which sat two coarse men, with short pipes in their mouths, and the hinder end of which was occupied by the carcass of a defunct cab-horse, his poor head and neck hanging over the tail-board, and swaying too and fro in a ghastly manner, to the barking of a yelping cur which followed behind, jubilant with the prospect of teeming dog's-meat barrows and overloaded skewers.

Now in those days it had occurred (not for the first or the last time in the history of the world) to certain commissioners, or works, or boards, or contractors, to tear up the pavement of London streets and lay bare the vitals of the city, exposing the mysteries of its gas-pipes and the secrets of its sewers. Not that there was anything particularly the matter with the gas or the sewers, or the pavement just then; but I suppose the Board thought it a good thing; and the excavators and mudlarks, who went down dirty and came up dirtier, thought it a better, working a little and smoking a great deal, with considerable patriotic enthusiasm; while that wonderful army of people, who never seem to have any thing to do—that army of all ages and all sexes, who "moon" about the streets, blinking at the print-shops, or gazing over a fallen omnibus-horse, or nosing street accidents as Hamlet nosed King Claudius's chamberlain in the lobby—those wonder-seekers stand gazing vaguely upwards, as if they expected

the sky to rain roasted potatoes, a shoal of sucking-pigs in full aerial flight, a comet to hit the Admiralty telegraph with its tail, or the lion on the top of Northumberland House to perform that long-promised feat of waggery: to these good people the disembowelling of the thoroughfares was the very best thing that could have happened. The print-shop windows were deserted immediately; and round every gaping trench there gathered troops of "mooners," from the wealthy-looking old gentleman with the vacant face, the buff waistcoat, and the watch-seals; the doctor's boy with the covered basket, containing that "mixture as before," with which, if he doesn't make haste, Moribund, the sick man, will do without as well as with; to that inscrutable lone female with the scanty shawl, the pinched blue nose, and the key hanging from her finger, opening, I am sure, nothing but a phantom door in Shadowland—who is the most pertinacious "mooner" I am aware of, who sometimes has a half-starved-looking girl with her, and who ever and anon scrubs her blue nose-tip with a corner of the scanty shawl in question. They stared and stared, as though a very dirty ditch were a mine of Golconda, and as though Roman remains were to be thrown up at every turn of the spade.

"What the deuce are you going down these back streets for, instead of Fleet Street?"

He had put his noble head out of the window, and so deigned to address his coachman.

"Fleet Street all up, my Lord," he answered. "Strand all up as far as Hexeter Change, so the p'leeseman says. Can't go no hother way, my Lord."

"Drive on," cried the Peer, pettishly. "I wish I had walked," he muttered, as the carriage slowly pursued its way through a maze of narrow and unwholesome thoroughfares.

He did not seem at his ease, Lord Viscount Baddington. Some blight seemed to have fallen on him in Newgate; and, the truth must be told, notwithstanding the penalties denounced against *scandalum magnatum*, his Lordship, notwithstanding the juvenility of his costume and make-up, looked quite an old, old man. He tossed to and fro on his luxurious squabs, like a peevish invalid who loathes his couch of down from long lying thereon. He plucked at the tassels of the window-blinds; he crossed and uncrossed his patent-leather-booted legs; he settled, unsettled, and re-settled his wig—forbid it, delicacy!—I mean his curly head of hair.

"Was ever a fellow so tormented as I am! At home and abroad, by night and by day. As though I had not quite enough trouble with those infernal lawyers, and the muddle the estates are in, and the difficulty of raising ready money. Then there's Gènevieve, and that precious nephew of mine. The young villain will be in town soon, I suppose." He gave a sudden start and nervous twitch here, as though he had suffered an acute twinge of the gout; then resuming—"Upon my word, Charles Falcon, I'll have you out, were you twenty times my grand-nephew—what a nephew too! laugh!—if you make love to my wife, I'll blow your brains out, I will. I wonder what Gènevieve wants with that fellow with the picture under his arm. She's very fond of painting, the dear, darling, lovely angel. What an incomparable little devil it is, to be sure!"

This was rather an abrupt termination to so complimentary an exordium, in the case of the lady the Viscount spoke of as Gènevieve. He seemed to think so himself, for from beneath his gorgeous under-waistcoats he drew forth a dainty filagree locket attached to a chain, and in which was set the miniature of a very beautiful girl, whose light curling hair encircled her face like a golden glory.

"I wish we were at Baden again," the Peer again muttered, as he replaced the locket in his bosom of fine linen. "Ah, dear me! dear me! why did I ever bring her to England? We might live in Germany in comfort upon half what we spend in England! I might get an embassy abroad, too, somewhere. How she would shine in society! How she would flirt—confound her; confound me, what a jealous old fool I am."

For though all tell fibs, and the art of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, there are times when the unadulterated truth wells up from that oft-choked-up and polluted spring; and Lord Baddington spoke as truthfully as man could speak.

"If I had stayed abroad," he continued, "I should have avoided that unhung desperado—that boa-constrictor, who only wants to be let out of his cage to tear my flesh, and every body else's flesh off their bones. No; he isn't a boa-constrictor, he's a tiger—a raging lion. What a ruffian the fellow is; what a cool, calculating, brazen-faced, incorrigible scoundrel! He'll leech and leech, and drain and drain me to the last drop. Suppose I were to repudiate him; suppose I were to dare him to do his worst? Suppose he were to divulge his story to the jail governor or the jail chaplain; would any one credit him? Once suppose him guilty, who would believe a convicted felon? I'm sure I'm not so fond of my nephew Gervase's bastard brood as to keep the story of their mother's shame a secret at the price of two thousand pounds, and perhaps more. Still there's the honour of the family, still there's — By Jupiter," he interposed, interrupting himself, "I wish the Baddington Peerage, its heir-apparent, and all its belongings, were in the infernal regions."

Then a spirit came and stood over against Lord Baddington in his softly-cushioned chariot; and, though he saw it not, almost made the hair of his flesh stand up. And the spirit said, though it was voiceless, "Lord of Baddington, Lord of Baddington, if Gènevieve, thy wife, would but bring forth a male child, how happy wouldst thou be to transfer the coronet thou must one day lay down from thy hated grand-nephew to his baby brow? How happy thou wouldst be, if the brute Pollyblank were to declare the shame of thy kinsman and kinswoman, and of the woman their mother, from the highest belfry in London town!" And lo! as the spirit faded away from the vision of the nobleman's soul, he made unto himself another dream, of a young mother very faint and pale, but with a smile like unto that of an angel on her beautiful face; and of a child in rich garments of lace that was being dandled by a nurse; and a delighted old man walking to and fro in a dining-room, giving away guineas to servants, and excitedly shaking a doctor by the hand. A very mild, discreet doctor too, clad in raven black; Sir Paracelsus Fleem, high in office in the College of Surgeons, wearing a cocked-hat and a scarlet gown on gala-days in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the King's own doctor, forsooth. And then, which was very strange in a man sixty-five years old, some tears began to roll from the eyes that had the crow's feet beneath, and they traced out little rivulets in the island of rouge on the wrinkled cheeks.

Crash!

There was a shout from the crowd, a gathering round of bystanders, a tumult, and a murmuring, and a host of conflicting directions given, in voices hoarse and shrill.

The journey through the back streets had culminated in that cloaca maxima, into which painfully debouch myriads of well-nigh impervious thoroughfares, Drury Lane. There had of course been a stand-still; a gigantic coal-wagon was ahead of the Baddington carriage; an enormous van, laden with huge tubs, and

bales, and packing-cases was behind. There had been a false alarm of the way being clear, and the van had pressed forward. The coal-wagon, on its part, had made a retrograde movement, and the consequence was that the carriage, jammed up between the two plebeian vehicles, came to a most signal and lamentable grief.

Lord Baddington was startled from his reverie by the sudden collision. The back part of the panel was smashed completely through, and the aged Peer was thrown violently forward, and a moment afterwards was taken out of his carriage, stunned. It was the narrowest part of Drury Lane, close to Wyth Street, and over against the quaint, tumbled-down little tavern which is fondly held by tradition to have been the resort of the versatile Sixteen-stringed Jack, the last of the highwaymen, a great man, but not understood by the age in which he lived, and which ignominiously hanged him. Who is understood by his age? The next age will understand Mr. Agar; the next may perhaps understand me. The back part of Lord Baddington's carriage was all smashed to pieces, his Lordship lay insensible within; one of the costly horses had fallen, the coachman had been thrown off the box, the flank-ys had discreetly jumped off the foot-board just before the collision. It was altogether a very pretty piece of business; and, of course, nobody was to blame. We had the driver of the coal-wagon's own word for that, and his brother of the goods-van endorsed his opinion warmly.

They picked the coachman up. He, luckily for himself, though not quite so fortunately for the horse, had been pitched fairly on to the back of one of those noble animals, and beyond a multiplicity of bruises, and the utter ruin of his cauliflower wig, got no hurt from his involuntary equestrian feat. But with the noble inmate of the carriage the case was different. They lifted him out, quite insensible. He had no wound; no fracture of a limb; it was the Shock, people said.

There had been great cries all this time of "run for a doctor," and the advisers of that rational course of proceedings had set a bright example, by crowding round the injured man, and doing their best towards excluding the air from him, and hampering the movements of those who were lifting him up. The intelligence that it was a "swell" who had been hurt spread with great rapidity; and from all the filthy little alleys and courts between Charles Street on the one side, and Buckridge Street on the other, came trooping forth a ragged contingent of the lowest orders of English and Irish, who gazed with avidity at the ruined carriage, as though it had been a barque shipwrecked on the wildest shore in Cornwall, and they were land-pirates, craving for plunder, and already dividing the rich cargo among themselves.

There was no need to run very far for medical assistance; for a chemist's shop stood not a half-a-dozen yards distant; and this fact, having by a most curious coincidence occurred to about half-a-dozen persons at once, Lord Baddington was carried thither, still insensible, on the bruised arms of half-a-dozen men.

It was a dark, dank, dangerous-looking, low-browed little shop; the windows, apparently, had never been washed since the flood. As to painting, it very probably had never undergone that operation at all: its frontage and door being simply of the colour of dirt, and dirty. There were red and blue bottles in the windows; but the red flask was broken, and the blue was fast milking into green, and both were lamentably dingy. There was one blister on view, curled up and brown, by long desecration and disease, like a child's gingerbread "mumbo jumbo," by long dryness and disuse, and which had been some years ago, I presume, a slough of despond to innumerable flies who had perished miserably in its cankerous stickiness. There was a placard relating to leeches, there was a white jar labelled "tamarinde," but it had a broken top, and held not tamarinde, but dust. There was the model of a horse in plaster of Paris; the steed had but three legs, performing an eternal goose-step, with a bunch of herbs slung across his back. There were a good many bunches of herbs, of an indecibly soiled, mouldy, unhealthy, magician's-laboratory look, hanging up; and these, with some dingy roots, gave rise to the assumption that the proprietor of the establishment added the calling of an herbalist to his other avocations. It was a shop, in fine, that it seemed inappropriate to call a "chemist's," or a "druggist's." It was emphatically a "doctor's shop," where they sold "doctor's stuff."

A grim cat, with an evil eye, and a brindled coat, very dingy and rusty in hue, lay *enraptured* on a shelf, in one of the upper window panes, and lay there stealthily watching the crowd, as though they were so many mice, and she waiting for a convenient opportunity to rend them in pieces and devour them.

The door of the doctor's shop was fastened, and it was only after considerable rattling thereat, agitating a rusty knocker, and pulling at a cracked bell, that the door itself was opened, as far as the chain which secured it inside would allow, and a head was presented through the aperture. It was the head of a middle-aged man, rather bald, and garnished with hair that was of the colour of hay, and whiskers that were of the hue of straw.

"What do you want?" he not very courteously asked, for one who spoke with so soft a voice.

"Accident," shouted the many voices. "Gent met with a haecident. Let us in. Make haste, Dwidle."

"Go to Doctor Pybus, lower down," answered the bald-headed little man. "I don't take in accidents. Be off."

Many cries of indignant remonstrance arose at this inhospitable reply. The Doctor seemed to be well known, and not very favourably so, among his neighbours; for shouts arose of "Old screw!" "Finty heart," "Sold himself to the devil," "Who poisoned the babby?" and the like; and one little boy, fired with virtuous indignation, improved the fortuitous occasion, boldly to smash the left-hand bottom corner window pane with his hoop-stick; and then, his young heart failing him, took to flight, and never ceased running till he got to Broad Street, St. Giles's.

The bald-headed man had withdrawn that first-named portion of his animal economy, and was preparing, so it seemed, to close the door altogether, when a big brewer's drayman thrust his brawny arm forward, and caught the Doctor by the collar.

"You wizened botany of a lilyvite Jew," he cried, "if you don't let us in, we'll smash every winder in your mangy crib—we will, by Jerry!"

But just then the surging of the crowd brought the body of the injured Peer full in sight of the Doctor.

"Bless my soul," he cried; "it's his Lordship, Viscount Baddington. Why didn't you tell me so before, stupids? Come in, come in! Stand aside, good people, for Heaven's sake!"

So they bore Lord Baddington in; and the crowd, after a desperate effort to follow him, in which they were baffled by the almost instantaneous closing and locking of the door, consoled themselves by gluing their noses to the window-pane, and frightening the grim brindled cat away from her lair.

I think that I must have forgotten to tell you that on the entablature above the shop-front there was, in half-effaced characters, this inscription:

TINCTOP, GENERAL PRACTITIONER.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE DOCTOR'S LADY FRIEND.

ALWAYS a lord, for ever a lord: write the title on a scroll, and tie it to the tail of a kite, or under the wing of a pigeon, and let it travel the whole world over. Trumpet it forth to the nations; for it is a name of power and might and majesty. Fill the ears of foreigners with it, for it is a great sound.

They took the poor stunned nobleman into the general practitioner's back parlour, and applied the usual "restoratives." The usual restoratives necessitated the removal of the wig, the stays,

the padded under-waistcoat, and the patent-leather boots. The almost indomitable rouge etched at last to lozings and bathings; all the paraphernalia of juvenility were removed, scrap by scrap; and nothing remained lying on the doctor's couch but a withered, yellow old man with false teeth.

He came to himself by-and-by, and staring around in a vacant manner, asked, nervously feeling his jaw and his shoulder meanwhile, whether he had not been rather poorly lately. For this lord was perpetually haunted by a spectre: and a skeleton sat continually at his banquets, whose name was Paralysis; and with returning consciousness came a fear that the ghost, which he was wont to lay at ordinary times in a Red Sea of fashionable enjoyment, had had him on the hip for once, and had smitten him down to be bedridden for aye.

He was soon re-assured on this subject, however, and was satisfied that he had sustained no more serious injury than a violent blow on the head. He began to talk cheerfully, on this information being conveyed to him—to talk volubly, facetiously, and, if the truth must be told, somewhat incoherently. He was very much shaken, evidently. That blow on the head had brought no blood, but it had made him a very different Lord Baddington to the one who walked and talked an hour since. You may put on his wig again, re-rouge his cheeks, re-lace his stays, re-lacquer his boots, oil barbers, valets, and man-milliners!—but neither you, nor all the king's horses, nor all the king's men, shall ever make him the same Lord Baddington, or set him up again.

He began to babble about his carriage, horses, servants. The general practitioner had seen to all that. The carriage had been removed; the horses stabled in the neighbourhood; the bruised coachman sent to; the footmen despatched to his Lordship's residence, to break the news of the accident, as discreetly as possible, to the Viscountess Baddington.

"What the deuce did you do that for?" the invalid asked, very testily, but very feebly. "What necessity was there for alarming her Ladyship at all? Her Ladyship's easily excited. I'm not in any danger, am I?"

"I sincerely trust that such is not the case, my Lord," the general practitioner answered, with his soft voice and a low bow; "but I acted for the best, your Lordship having been for a very considerable time completely insensible. I also deemed it my duty, sensible of the heavy responsibility that hung over me, to send one of your servants to request the immediate attendance of your Lordship's regular medical attendant, Sir Paracelsus Fleem, with whose address (your footman told me that he was the accredited family surgeon) I happened professionally to be acquainted."

"You're very good, I'm sure," the Peer answered with a languid premissness; "I'm very much obliged to you. Doomed officious you're making yourself," he added, mentally. "I won't forget it, Mr. —"

"Tinctop, at your Lordship's service."

"Tinctop, Tinctop—don't I know the name? Haven't I seen you somewhere before, Mr. Tinctop?"

"I think not, my Lord," answered he of the bald head, with another low bow; and I think myself, that if ever any one deserved a medal of the brightest brass for telling a cool and deliberate lie, that bald-headed general practitioner was the man.

For it was indeed Seth Tinctop, erst assistant of Mr. Fleem, the fashionable surgeon, erst the deaf and dumb recipient of secrets. However he had escaped from the search of his loving friend Pollyblank, wherever and in whatever corner of London he had been hiding himself—he was supposed to be abroad, thousands of miles away—can only be comprehended by those who are conversant, to its fullest extent, with the immensity of the wilderness of London. It is the only place in the world where a man can play Timon of Athens to the life, where he can steal away and hide himself so that no human eye shall have power to see or human ear to hear of his whereabouts. If ever you commit a robbery or a forgery, my felonious friend, who may read these lines, don't run away to America—Daniel Forester will follow by the next steamer. Don't trust to the Antipodes—a detective will bring you back in the clipper, Red Jacket, in a neat suit of handcuffs, along with the gold-dust and the gold-diggers. Hide yourself in London, and you have a chance of safety; hide yourself in London, and you may read the advertisements in the newspapers, offering a reward for your own apprehension, and laugh in your sleeve as you read: for London is the only real Cave of Adullam, the only real city of refuge where all who are in debt and in difficulty, in danger and in discontent, may find an asylum well nigh as inaccessible as the Highland haunt of a red deer or the eyrie of an eagle.

Tinctop—self-promoted, I presume—promoted to be a general practitioner, but the same stealthy, soft-spoken assistant that we have known him of yore—slipped quietly off to his surgery to compound some medicament, and left this patient alone for a few minutes. The reflections of Lord Baddington were not of the most agreeable description. He was in no immediate danger, of course. How could he be? His skin was whole, his bones were unbroken. But he felt very ill at ease, notwithstanding. The ghost that haunted him would not be exorcised, but came and sat over against him with his arms folded and an ugly leer; and there was no Red Sea of fashionable enjoyment to lay the unwelcome guest in jerry. He was an old man; he had led a wicked, graceless, merry, godless life; he had a young wife of whom he was jealous; he had an heir whom he hated. For all his place in the House of Peers, his coronet and ermine, his flatterers and dependents, the crowd, even, of his equals, who were glad to eat his foods and hunt his tufts and partake of his rich dinners, he could not bring to mind one man among the whole brilliant assemblage whom he could truly call his friend. These are the things that make sickness terrible: When you feel you are drifting away to a rock-bound coast, where there are no havens whose inhabitants will put out in lifeboats to save you, mindful of the good deeds of charity, and love, and mercy you have done to them and theirs in the old time; when no hand throws out a rope to save you; when there looms not for you in the distance that everlasting Rock of Faith, from whose sides the waters of life ever flow into the great sea of mortality, and whose summit is crowned by the Lighthouse that is a light to all the world.

A carriage drove up to the dingy shop-door, and its occupant, Sir Paracelsus Fleem, was received by the bald-headed practitioner. The great surgeon recognised his quondam assistant at once.

"Tinctop, by all that's wonderful!" he exclaimed. "I thought you were dead, or transported, or at least out of England for good."

"Not yet, Sir Paracelsus," returned the discreet Mr. Tinctop, with a bow to his former chief—a respectful bow, but one not quite so subservient as he had thought it decorous to bestow on the Lord inside; "still I am highly grateful for your good wishes. Will you please to walk inside, and look at his Lordship?"

"How did he come here? What is the matter with him?" "A heavy vehicle—a van laden with dry goods, I believe—came in collision with his Lordship's carriage, about half-an-hour since. The back of the carriage was driven completely in. His Lordship was thrown over to the opposite side with considerable violence, striking his head, I am induced to believe, against the sill of the carriage-window. He was brought in here stunned. I applied the usual remedies, and I now hand him over to you, holding myself completely at your disposal, should my services be of any avail."

"You're the same snaky, civil, soft-spoken son of a gun, my friend Tinctop," muttered Sir Paracelsus, "that you were five years ago. You'll have to send for me to the Old Bailey yet to give you a character, I fancy, though what I could say for or

against you, I'm sure I don't know. You're either the worst-looking good fellow or the best-looking bad fellow I ever saw. Which is the way to his Lordship, Tinctop?"

"This way, Sir, this way, Sir Paracelsus," answered the other; and he led the way into the parlour behind the shop, where Lord Baddington had been lying on the temporary couch that had been made up for him. Tinctop left him alone with his patient, and began making up a prescription in a mortar. It must have been a strange sample of the *fit mistura*; for I am certain that ginger, sal volatile, benzoin, tincture of rhubarb, opium, cocculus indicus, powdered gum arabic, sarsaparilla, bark, alum, essence of cloves, lavender water, quinine, ipecacuanha, magnesia, camomile flowers, cardamon seeds, and Dutch drops entered into the composition. At least he seemed to pour ingredients from bottles so labelled indiscriminately, or, which is just as likely, he was pestling the empty sides of the mortar. At all events Mr. Tinctop was in a profound reverie; and I don't think the patient, for whom the mixture was designed—supposing that patient ever to have existed—would have derived much benefit, interiorly or exteriorly, from the elaborate nostrum. He left off pestling, and walked to the window. Then he took out a black pocket-book, and producing from it two worn and almost tattered papers, began to examine them closely, while a lambent light of satisfaction seemed to glow, but in a moist and marshy manner, like a will-o'-the-wisp, over his countenance.

"All safe, all safe!" he whispered to himself. "All safe, but one solitary paper, one that I missed, one that I would give worlds to find. Nine-tenths of the evidence, and only one little paper-link wanting. The newspapers tell me that Jack Pollyblank is safe in Newgate; and before another two months are over I hope he'll be safe on his way to Norfolk Island. And besides, if he were to split, he could prove nothing. He knows nothing, can do nothing, for he hasn't got these—he hasn't got these!"

He gave a triumphant chuckle, as, glancing once more at the papers, he carefully folded them up, replaced them once more in the pocket-book, and then again in his breast-pocket.

Just then Sir Paracelsus Fleem came out of the parlour.

"I can't make him out at all, Tinctop," he said. "He's not seriously injured, but he is in a very bad way. His head's all wrong."

"Do you think his Lordship's life is in any danger, Sir?" the practitioner asked quietly.

"I do think —," replied the surgeon. He was about to continue, till turning his eyes on to Tinctop's face, he seemed to see something there that dissuaded him from giving further utterance to his opinion. "I think," he then went on, modifying his discourse, "that the best thing we can do with his Lordship is to take him home at once to Curzon Street. My carriage is at the door, and if you will get some assistance we'll have him placed in it forthwith. Of course, you'll be paid liberally for your trouble, Tinctop."

"You are very kind, Sir Paracelsus," the inferior said, with a profound obeisance; "but I have a little account to settle with my Lord Baddington, who will no doubt remunerate me for my trouble when that settlement is made."

"A little account! I thought you had settled that years ago," Sir Paracelsus observed with supreme contempt. Didn't you get enough hush-money from him then?"

"You seem to be unaware, Sir," Tinctop replied, "that such accounts bear interest. There is a trifling dividend yet due on my claim."

What answered the late surgeon (who had the heartiest disdain and aversion for his former assistant) might have returned is uncertain; but at that moment another carriage—an honest hackney-coach this time—stumbled up to the door, and from it stepped her Ladyship, the Viscountess Baddington.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CALLED TO THE UPPER HOUSE.

Who could have been the "lady friend" of the general practitioner? and was not the title of the last chapter (the reader is entitled to ask) somewhat of a misnomer?

Not so. Mr. Tinctop's lady friend was no other than the Viscountess Baddington; for so soon as he had given her admittance, he took the liberty of staring in her face, at first with a look of blank amazement, then with one of familiar recognition, and then seizing her by the arm, he ejaculated:

"Why, Polly!"

Polly! how on earth could her name be Polly? Wasn't she the Viscountess Baddington? Wasn't she the wife of a Peer of the realm? Didn't her name appear in "Debrett" as Georgina, only daughter of the late Captain Andrew Chutnee, H.E.I.C.S., of —Hall, —shire?

She did not strike the caiff to the ground, or wither him up in the great anger of her disdainful glance. She whom you have known so haughty in her boudoir, so cold, so proud, so pitiless in her contempt, so queen-like in her arrogant beauty—she who but an instant before had descended from her carriage radiant and majestic—who had sailed into the shop with the assured step of one of whom it can be said, *Incedit Regina*—she suddenly covered and turned pale when the chemist's voice addressed her, and the chemist's hand was laid on her arm; and in a voice very low, but evidently agitated by contending emotions, she answered:

"Hush, hush! for Heaven's sake be silent! You will ruin me if you call me by that name again. How is Lord Baddington? Is he in danger?"

"Before I answer that question, tell me what right you have to feel interested in him?"

"I am married to him."

"Are you his wife?"

"I am married to him."

"Listen to me, you jade!" Mr. Tinctop exclaimed, pushing his face close to hers, and hissing forth the words rather than speaking them. "I'll twist your wrist off if you don't give me a direct answer. What have you been doing, you self-wolf you, you jewelled serpent, you shining crocodile, since you left me at Calais, after ruining me; left me without a franc in my pocket, and over head and ears in debt, when you had at least a hundred pounds' worth of jewels on that viper's body of yours?"

But he never lost his temper, the ex-assistant; his mild placid face and shining bald head belied the vehemence of his words. But he kept a tight hold on her wrist the while, and his eyes ever and anon shot poisoned darts into hers. So I have known men, torn within by great passions, seem on the surface calm, equable, impassable. There is many a volcano in the world from which not even the slenderest spiral of smoke escapes ordinarily; but the eruption must take place some day, and then the floods of boiling lava submerge whole cities, and the sky is in a blaze with the belching forth of flames.

"Pity me—pardon me—spare me," the beautiful woman, thus humbled, went on. "Defer your revenge, at least. My husband is rich, and I will bribe you to your heart's content."

"What have you been doing since you left me, I ask again? If you don't answer me, I'll make my fingers meet in your flesh, I will, you green lizard, you."

"I have been—I have been— Well, I have been—"

"What you always were, what you are in your heart, a —"

"An adventuresome. Who made me one, Seth Tinctop? I was the orphan of an Indian colonel at Baden last autumn. I had a female companion—you remember Whiddy; her I have pensioned off. I really had some connexion with the East Indies, for I had been the wife of a colonel in the Company's service all the winter at Turin. Lord Baddington fell in love with me, and married me then and there."

LITERATURE.

"Poems." By Walt Whitman. Selected and edited by William Michael Rossetti. (Hotten.)

WHAT shall we say of Walt Whitman? That some entire poems in this collection, and many scattered passages in other poems, bear the test triumphantly, low, if qualified to judge, will doubt. On the other hand, we have here many pages (probably the greater number) of which it would be difficult to maintain that they are poetry in any sense of that word which has yet been accepted. "A Word out of the Sea," to our thinking is the poem of the book. A boy discovers a bird's-nest in some briars that skirt the sea-shore. Day after day he watches the movements of the male bird and his mate, listens to the singing and the chirping by which they express their happiness. At length,

May-be killed unknown to her mate,
One forenoon the she-bird crouched not on the nest,
Nor returned that afternoon, nor the next,
Nor ever appeared again.

The boy continues to note the solitary bird flitting restlessly from spot to spot on the shore, and at times pouring forth a mournful song, the desolation, the longing and the brief beguiling hope of which the listener translates into human speech. To the boy's ear the bird sings as follows:—

Soothe! soothe! soothe!
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,
And again another behind, embracing and lapping, every one close,—
But my love soothes not me, not me.

Low hangs the moon—it rose late;
O it is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love, with love.
O madly the sea pushes, pushes upon the land,
With love—with love.

O night! do I not see my love flitting out there among the breakers?
What is that little black thing I see there in the white?

Loud! loud! loud!
I call to you, my love!
High and clear I shout my voice over the waves;
Surely you must know who is here, is here;
You must know who I am, my love.

Low-hanging moon!
What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow?
O it is the shape, the shape of my mate!
O moon, do not keep her from me any longer!

Land! land! O land!
Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give me my mate
back again, if you only would;
For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I look.

O rising stars!
Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise with some of you.

O throat! O trembling throat!
Sound clearer through the atmosphere!
Pierce the woods, the earth;
Somewhere, listening to catch you, must be the one I want.

Shake out, carols!
Solitary here—the night's carols!
Carols of loneliness love! Death's carols!
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon!
O, under that moon, where she droops almost down into the sea!
O reckless, despairing carols!

But soft! sink low;
Soft! let me just murmur;
And do you wait a moment, you husky-noised sea;
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding to me,
So faint—I must be still, be still to listen;
But not altogether still, for then she might not come immediately to me.

Hither, my love!
Here I am! Here!
With this just-unsaid note I announce myself to you;
This gentle call is for you, my love, for you!

Do not be decoyed elsewhere!
That is the whistle of the wind—it is not my voice;
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray;
Those are the shadows of leaves.

O darkness! O in vain!
O I am very sick and sorrowful!
O brown halo in the sky, near the moon, drooping upon the sea!
O troubled reflection in the sea!
O throat! O throbbing heart!
O all!—and I singing uselessly, uselessly all the night!

Yet I murmur, murmur on!
O murmurs—you yourselves make me continue to sing, I know not why.

O past! O life! O songs of joy!
In the air—in the woods—over fields;
Loved! loved! loved! loved! loved!
But my love no more, no more with me!
We two together no more!

The plaint of the bird arouses in the boy, too, the sense of something missed and yearned for. A joy has vanished from the soul as its mate from the bird. Shall the ideal of youth that has taken wing return to earth no more? Shall the yearning for it ever be satisfied, and by what?—

Answering, the Sea,
Delaying not, hurrying not,
Whispered me through the night and very plainly before daybreak,
Lisp'd to me the low and delicious word DEATH.

Of the sublimated passion and sweetness of the above, of the minuteness with which the most delicate transitions of feeling are caught, and of the grand yet melancholy suggestiveness which sets the whole picture, as it were, in a frame of sad sunset glory, we can hardly speak in terms of praise too high. That Whitman can write noble poetry, this one example conclusively testifies.

A BLACK SHEEP.—A sporting contemporary states that the Marquis of Hastings, in consequence of having been unable to pay the bets lost by him last year, has been warned by two of the leading book-makers not to appear in the betting ring. This step has called forth indignant remonstrances from his lordship's friends, although it seems unreasonable to expect that a bettor who has betted and lost, and cannot pay, should be permitted to bet in the hope of getting back what he has lost. It is the rule of the ring that a defaulter shall not be permitted to bet as long as he continues to be a defaulter, and there can be no legitimate reason why that rule should be disregarded in the case of Lord Hastings.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE Prince Imperial has commenced his public career as heir to the throne of France. He started last week alone for the port of Cherbourg, a visit that proved a grand event for the inhabitants of that ancient town, which tradition says, was founded six hundred years before Christ. The Emperor had intended going thither himself to inspect the port, but he was indisposed, so deputed his son to take the journey in his stead; and right enthusiastically was the little Prince received. He was accompanied by his young friend Louis Conneau (son of the doctor of that name), by General Tressard, his governor; by M. de Ligneville, his aide-camp; and by M. Bachan, his equerry; two valets and four footman also attended the Prince.

On his Imperial Highness's arrival at the railway station he was received by the several officials, looking gay in their gold laced and highly decorated uniforms. A very graceful boy, young Gaston de Beaulieu, presented the Prince with a bouquet, the Prince shook hands, saying, "Merci au père and merci au fils." Two other bouquets were also offered to the Imperial traveller; one at the gates of the arsenal by the Admiral's daughter, Mlle. Beynaud, a pretty little girl, whom the Prince asked permission to embrace, a favour that was immediately accorded. The third floral offering was made by a boy at the head of a small troop of very young soldiers, who marched to greet the Prince. When the bouquet was presented to the Prince he said, "Vous êtes tous mes amis," and cordially shook hands with the donor. The Imperial traveller wore the uniform of a sergeant of the Grenadiers de la Garde, and his friend Louis Conneau was dressed in a similar manner. Napoleon III.'s son is now in his thirteenth year; he is by no means tall for his age, and he looks very delicate, but his features are finely chiselled, and his large blue eyes sparkle with intelligence; his light chestnut hair is also exceedingly pretty; his white skin is unfortunately very much freckled.

Last week a grand wedding was celebrated at the American Embassy. The daughter of the house, Miss Catherine Dix, was married to Mr. Walsh, of New York; and in honour of the occasion the American Ambassador and his wife gave a splendid ball. The toilettes worn at it were extremely elegant. I will describe a few of the most successful.

A dress worn by the Countess de P. consisted of a white tulle skirt bordered by white bouillons and ruffles ranged alternately; the second white tulle skirt was looped up high in paniers, and was crossed at the back with two wide sash ends of pale green gros grain; at the left side there was another sash end fastened by a bouquet of eglantines. Small bouquets of similar flowers, but in different colours, such as red, white, and pale tea colour, were studded all over the skirt; the bouillons on the bodice were separated by flat rouleaux of green silk; the short sleeves were likewise bouillons, and trimmed with blonde. At the back, the Countess sported a high collar of stiff blonde, such as the ladies of the Court of Charles IX. wore.

Another toilette consisted of a straw-coloured satin dress, covered with black lace, the black lace looped up at the sides byagrafes of roses made of yellow satin; yellow satin sash, with round ends trimmed with lace; roses at the side of the waist. These roses, made either of silk or satin, are very effective for evening wear.

Miss Dix's bridal toilette was in exquisite taste—rich and simple. White faille was the material, and the train was so long, and on such a large scale that it seemed at first sight to be a carpet thrown into the chapel. The sash was tied at the back, the ends being fringed with orange blossoms, and on the bow there was a bouquet of these bridal flowers. The wreath of orange blossoms terminated with a very long spray falling low at the back of the skirt.

Among the company present at the ceremony there was a fair young American lady, whose beauty attracted all eyes. Her dress was peach-coloured silk, the skirt bordered with three pinked out flounces, the bodice was plain, and fitted the figure closely, and on the round basques were three narrow pinked out frills. A small pointed pelerine which reached to the centre of the back, was worn above the bodice. The bonnet was of pale pink tulle, with a coronet of pink blonde over the fair forehead; a bouquet of fowered campanulas at the side, with a garland of similar flowers running along the pink tulle lappets, and long fair ringlets, curled only at the ends, reaching considerably below the waist. Such was the toilette of this fairy-like blonde from across the sea. I forgot to mention that her skirt was cut short in front, thereby discovering a pair of exquisitely-fitting peach silk boots, fastened with mother-of-pearl buttons.

I remarked that several gentlemen belonging to the upper ten thousand have at last abandoned black cloth suits for weddings. These suits formerly were equally as appropriate for a funeral as for a wedding; therefore the change is a good one, for some difference should surely be made in the costume worn at the most sad and the most joyous events of our lives. The ultra-elegant costume for a bridegroom is now considered, in Paris, to consist of a pearl-grey trousers, marine-blue frock coat (lined with white silk), and gold buttons; either the initials, the arms, or the coronet of the wearer (as the case may be) are engraved on the buttons. These engraved buttons invariably call to my mind those worn by servants in livery. Of course it is not in my province to interfere with what the sterner sex wear; but it has frequently occurred to my mind how very well court suits would look at a wedding. Even if the bridegroom is not an official, he might wear the fancy suit always adopted at court—viz., a black velvet coat, with steel buttons, a steel sword at the side, short velvet nether garments, and silk stockings. In my opinion it would be much more effective, and in better taste, than the traditional civilian costume.

Brides' dresses are seldom made en paniers, simplicity of style being aimed at rather than elaborate and profuse ornamentation. Orange blossoms now compose the principal trimmings on a bridal toilette. They are used instead of buttons, and they form fringes on the sash and sleeves. If the skirt is arranged en paniers, then lace would be required; the lower part of the skirt would be trimmed with lace, and the band that cuts the skirt at the back would be edged with lace; the sash would likewise be tied at the side with a coquille of lace. When there is not sufficient lace to trim the immense and ever-increasing trains now in vogue entirely with lace, the front breadths are ornamented so as to simulate ruffles; and the lace employed for the purpose is fastened back with dabbles made of poul de sole. The back breadths of the skirt are then trimmed with flowers, which reach as high as the tunic; the tunic is looped up and bordered with lace.

The toilettes now to be seen at the races commence to present a very brilliant and novel appearance. Last Sunday in the Bois de Boulogne I remarked many train skirts, and among them green predominated. Green is truly a spring colour, and there are many fashionable shades, such as Helio green—a soft pale shade with a blue tinge on it—emerald green, and Mettenich green. The last-named is light with a dash of yellow, and is by no means a conspicuous colour, but is very becoming to those whose complexion can bear green at all.

The Marie Antoinette fashions are cut in twenty different forms. The "Countess" fichu (one of the varieties) is suitable to very youthful figures; it is worn low in the shoulders, and has the effect of a scarf with long round ends, which ends usually terminate with a ruche; at the back it is ornamented with a bow of wide ribbon, the streamers to which fall lower than the waist.—Queen.

THE HALF HUNDRED.

(A good way after A. Tennyson's "Six Hundred!")

BY THE LATE JAMES BRUTON.

Up the stairs, up the stairs,
Up the stairs, onward!
Joe took, all out of breath,
Cold, half a hundred!
Up he went, still as death,
Lest they had wonder'd
That I, with cellar large,
Bought by the "Hundred!"
"Forward! the light evade;
Let 'em not know," I said;
"Glide up as still as death,
With the 'Half-hundred!'
Let them gently laid!
No sound as by earthquakes made
When the ground's sunder'd!
You here, if one should spy,
Wondering the reason why,
I with the shame should die!
So crawl up still as death,
With the 'Half-hundred!'"
A cat on the right of him!
Cat on the left of him!
Cat at the front of him!
What if he blunder'd?
Slip! his foot! clean he fell!
Come then a horrid yell!
Joe looked as pale as death,
As down they came pell mell,
All the "Half-hundred!"

Out popped the "party" there!
Wondering what meant that ere
Noise on the landing-stair!
All stood and wonder'd!
Dust-clouds of coal and coke!
O! such a dreadful smoke
Made them all nearly choke!
As from the second floor
Rolled the "Half-hundred!"
Voices at right of him!
Voices at left of him!
Voices behind him!
Question'd and thunder'd!
Shrank I into my shell;
Ah! how my grandeur fell!
Knowing that (though a
"swell")
I was thus found to buy
Coals by the "Hundred!"

How does one's glory fade,
When there an end is made
At what the world wonder'd!
Ne'er from my mind will fade
That awkward mess we made
Of the "Half-hundred!"

TAXATION IN FRANCE.

A LITTLE work has just appeared in Paris under the title of "L'Impôt Catéchisme des Contribuables," from which it appears that every Frenchman who is taxed, as the bulk of the male adult population certainly are, to the extent of one ten millionth part of the imposts levied in France for the services of the State, contributes annually 2 francs 50 centimes to the Emperor, 8 sous to the members of the Imperial family, 66 centimes to the Senate, 48 centimes to the Corps Législatif (at which rate the making of the law costs him about 10d. annually), 1 franc 11 centimes to the members of the Legion of Honour, 11d. a year to allow of some two or three thousand Frenchmen wearing red ribbons in their button-holes, 21 centimes to the Council of State, 5 francs 41 centimes to the Church, 41 francs 95 centimes to the army and navy, and 2 francs 55 centimes for public instruction throughout the whole of France—just one sou more than is given to the Emperor for his civil list, and about a nineteenth of the amount expended for warlike purposes.

THE ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL.

THE 110th anniversary festival in aid of the funds of this excellent institution, at Haverstock-hill, of which Her Majesty and their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales are the patrons, was held on Wednesday evening, the 22nd ult., at the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon-street, under the presidency of Viscount Enfield, M.P., supported by a great many friends of the charity, which was instituted in 1758 for 20 boys only. There are now in the school 399 children of both sexes. Forty have been elected each half-year for some time past. Altogether 2,490 have been received. The committee hoped to be able to admit to the full extent of the accommodation during each coming year. Orphan children are received from seven until eleven years of age. Boys remain until 14, girls until 15 or 16, depending upon good conduct; when, as far as possible, situations are provided for them as apprentices or servants; and for the seven following years, to encourage them to persevere in good conduct in the several situations, a reward is given to them, in sums varying from 5s. to £1 ls. The rewards to old scholars for 1867 amounted to £61 19s. Children are admitted from any part of the kingdom. It thus partakes of the character of a national institution. At the present time the charity is in great need of funds, having been obliged to borrow money in order to pay current expenses, which exceed £200 per week, or more than £10,000 each year, and as the charity depends upon voluntary contributions for above three-fourths of its annual income, the committee had to appeal to the friends of the orphan poor for new donations, and annual contributions especially, to enable them to provide for the present and future wants of their orphan charge, and that they may have it in their power to fill up the vacancies in the establishment as they occur. During the 109 years since the charity was founded 2,490 children have been received, of whom 1,225 have been admitted since 1847, when the present building was opened. 399 are now under the care of the charity; 94 have been admitted during the past year.

After the removal of the cloth,

The Chairman gave "The Health of the Queen," which was drunk with enthusiasm. In proposing the toast of "The Prince and Princess of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family," the chairman alluded to the magnificent display of loyalty which the appearance of the illustrious persons had recently brought out in Ireland. (Cheers.) The Prince of Wales had been a liberal supporter of the charity, his Royal Highness having, in addition to a donation of 250 guineas in 1856, increased his contribution in 1858, and had always possessed two nominations to the school. Two years ago his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge had presided at the anniversary of the charity. In submitting the toast of the evening, the noble chairman brought out in detail the facts mentioned in the report, and in allusion to the satisfactory appearance of the children, who were marched through the room (and who certainly looked the picture of health and comeliness), tested the sympathies of the company, by asking what those children "had been, were, and might be?" Adding, as a proof of the satisfactory management of the school, that since its formation some of the scholars had become conspicuously identified with the management of the institution.

The noble chairman's remarks were very cordially received, and led the way to the announcement by the Secretary, Mr. Joseph Soul, of the general subscriptions, which, on the whole, amounted altogether to £1,440. (Cheers.)

"The Health of the Noble Chairman" was proposed by the Rev. W. Aveling, and responded to.

The festival was musically enlivened by a choir of vocalists, under the direction of Mr. Winn, consisting of Miss Cecilia Westbrook, Mrs. Winn, Mr. George Perren, Mr. Coates, and Mr. Winn, whose efforts gave general satisfaction. We ought not to omit to say that the vocal pieces by the children were freshly and gratifyingly given.



THE KING'S PALACE, SIAM.

SKETCHES IN SIAM.

THE two edifices in Siam of which we present engravings, will give our readers a general idea of the architecture of that country. Nearly all the palaces, pagodas, and public buildings there are built very much after the same style, and present a very curious, though not uninteresting, appearance.

ORDINARY LUCIFER MATCHES.—The Secretary of the Sun Fire Insurance Office stated to the Commons' Select Committee on Fires of last session, that he considers that carelessness in using ordinary lucifer matches causes to that office a loss of £10,000 a year. Surely statements of this kind should induce everyone to use only BRYANT & MAY'S Patent Safety Matches, which are not poisonous, and light only on the box. These Safety Matches are very generally sold by Grocers, Oilmen, &c.

CITY HAT COMPANY's only retail address is Nos. 109, 110, and 3, SHOE-LANE, exactly EIGHT doors from Fleet-street. Particular attention is called to the distance of the premises from Fleet-street, the great success of the CITY HAT COMPANY having caused several imitators to open shops in the same vicinity with names very similar.—WALKER and FORTESCUE, Managers. —[ADVT.]

HAIR.—Mr. Fen, chemist, Oxton-road, Birkenhead, the celebrated hairgrower, sends his noted formula, pre-paid, to any address for thirteen stamps. This formula will produce whiskers and moustache within thirty days, and is a certain remedy for baldness and scanty partings, without the slightest injury to the skin. See advertisement.—[ADVT.]

THE FENIAN PRISONERS.

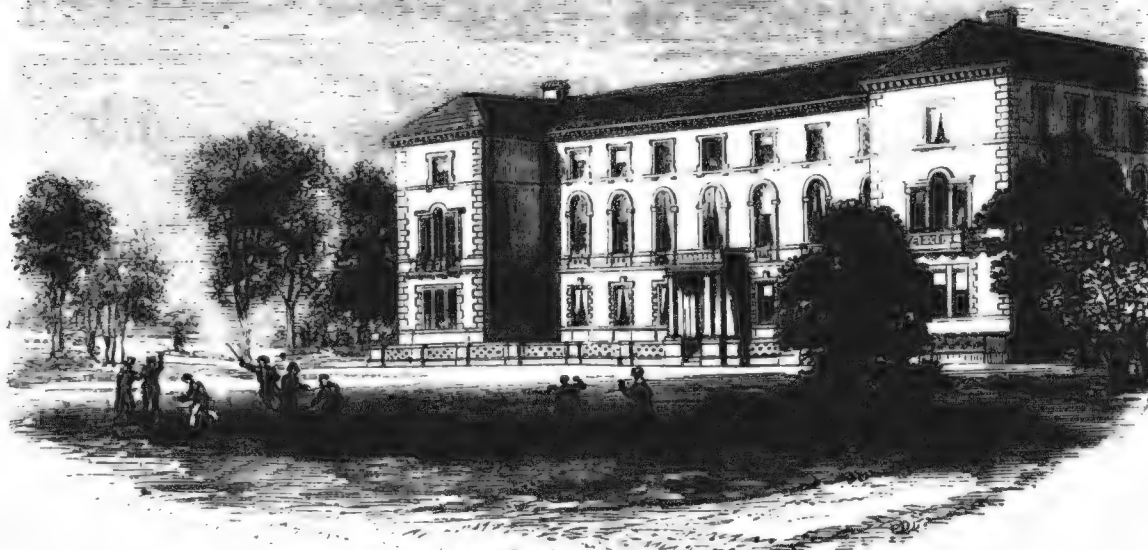
THE long and patient trial of the prisoners charged with the guilt of the Clerkenwell outrage has come to a close which will probably seem as strange in the eyes of many as any part of the astonishing story detailed in the evidence. That such a conspiracy should ever have existed in a civilised country is a phenomenon one can hardly cease to wonder at. That the plan, the preparations, the details, the day and hour, and we had almost said minutes, fixed for the perpetration of the crime, should have been known beforehand to the police authorities, and yet these prove themselves powerless to prevent it, may be considered, perhaps, still more wonderful. But that with all the fulness of information before and after the fact, the police should have arrested six persons and put them on trial, of whom five, according to the verdict of the jury, must be regarded as innocent of the charge, is certainly not the least wonderful part of the whole affair. Six persons were originally arraigned—Ann Justice, William Desmond, Timothy Desmond, Nicholas Engliab, John O'Keefe, and Michael Barrett. Before the proceedings had gone very far the Lord Chief Justice and Mr. Baron Bramwell agreed in thinking there was no evidence to go to a jury against the woman Justice. Indeed, the Attorney-General, in his opening statement, seemed to lay little stress on the proofs he had to give of her complicity in the atrocious plot. She was, therefore, acquitted. A similar course was taken with regard to O'Keefe. On Monday, the whole proceedings were brought to a close by the acquittal of English and the two Desmonds. Barrett alone is convicted; and it is remarkable that he is the prisoner in whose favour a strong case of *alibi* was urged and supported by remarkable evidence. The Lord Chief Justice passed sentence of death upon Barrett; but the almost unprecedented conflict of evidence which surrounds the question of his identity must render it doubtful indeed whether the sentence can be carried out.

TIBETAN COURIERS.

CAPTAIN MONTGOMERIE'S Pundit affirms that the Tibetan couriers are in the habit of riding from Lhasa to Gartokh, a journey of twenty-two days, without stopping more than half an hour at a time to eat and change horses. It is the duty of the men in charge of the official dak bungalows to see that the courier does not tarry on his journey, and to forward him, sleeping or waking, to the next station, accompanied by two postillions on spare horses to keep him going; if he faints, they tie him to his horse, and if he were to die, they would manage that his dead body should accomplish the distance within the twenty-two days. The *Friend of India*, from whose columns we take these details, says that the bungalow attendants report that the deplorable appearance of the couriers at the completion of their journeys seems to bear out the Pundit's story. Is it possible for a man to ride thus incessantly for three weeks and to live?

BRITISH SUBJECTS IN THE SOMALI COUNTRY.—We understand that the Government has positively refused to send an accredited envoy in search of the British subjects who are supposed to be detained in the Somali country, and the British taxpayer will feel relieved accordingly. But if a capable person can be found who is willing to go into that extremely dangerous country at his own risk it would be reasonable that his expenses should be defrayed by Government and that, if successful, he should receive a handsome reward. It is reported that General Merewether has recommended the employment of an Italian missionary who has had experience among the Somalis. Such a proposition, if it has been made, deserves the serious attention of the Government.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]



THE ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL.

THE LATE KING OF ABYSSINIA.

KING THEODORE, the account of whose end we give elsewhere, was born at Tschergye, about the year 1821, in the province of Kura, in Western Abyssinia. His father—a man of no distinction, named Hailu Weleda Georgis, said to have been a descendant of the royal line of Ethiopian princes—died when Theodore was very young, and the small property possessed by him was seized by greedy relatives, and very soon dissipated, leaving his mother and himself quite destitute, so that the former was reduced to seek a miserable subsistence by the sale of the specific for the tape-worm, called "koso."

Not being able to support her boy, she got him into the Convent of Techangar, some twelve hours south-west of Gondar. Here Kassa (so called from his mother's occupation of koso-vendor) remained a considerable time, hoping, at some future period, to obtain distinction in the Church. But Dejatch Marou, a defeated rebel, took it into his head to set fire to the convent, killing and mutilating its inmates; fortunately, Kassa escaped in the night to the residence of a powerful uncle, Dejatch Comfu, in whose home—which was the residence of scheming and discontented rebels—this ardent youth imbibed an enthusiastic love for the dangerous and daring exploits which were consequent upon the pursuit of these marauding banditti. Kassa thus secured the favour of his uncle and his followers.

During Kassa's sojourn in the convent he became acquainted with the legends of the Church; among which he was much attracted with a prophecy that "a certain mighty man named Theodore, would arise in the East, destroy the followers of the false Prophet, wrest the Holy Sepulchre from their infidel grasp, extirpate the Moslem out of the Holy Land, re-establish the kingdom of Judah in its pristine grandeur, plant the cross again on the Temple, and receive the crown and sceptre of the East, and reign in peace at Jerusalem."

This idea had taken such strong hold upon the mind of Kassa that his fanaticism led him to believe he was the individual destined to fulfil this prophecy, which he cherished in secret with all his heart. His ambition, therefore, knew no bounds. On the death of his uncle, he attached himself to a banditti of some seventy persons, who made themselves the terror of the Mahomedan merchants who plied their trade between Matemma and Abyssinia; and, having collected a considerable number of followers, he began to be troublesome to the reigning powers.

Waisero Menen, the Queen-Mother of Ras Ali, the then ruler of Amhara, prompted by deep animosity against all who defied her power, sent an army against him, which he easily defeated. Finding she was not a match for him in arms, she tried her cunning, and offered him Ras Ali's beautiful daughter as a bait to entrap him. He, however, married the lady, and afterwards subdued the Queen and her son, and eventually became the ruler of the provinces which had been the possessions of the Queen and Ras Ali.

His power now increased to such an extent that he conquered most of the other chiefs; and, in 1855, was crowned "King of the Kings of Ethiopia," under the name of Theodore; since which period, by a systematic despotism, combined with the most artful cunning, he arrived, by the aid of two Englishmen—Mr. Bell and Consul Plowden—to a pitch of eminence never before attained by any Ethiopian ruler. But on the death of these two councillors and brave men his fortunes turned. They had kept him in check during their lives, and prevented him from the commission of many crimes and cruelties; he also lost his first wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, and to whose humane advice he would frequently give way in the administration of his affairs.

These losses preyed upon his mind, and induced him to adopt evil counsels, which have much accelerated his downfall; added to which, it is said that he had become a debauchee and a monster of cruelty, even approaching that of the notorious King of Dahomey himself. Some of his later deeds justify this conclusion, especially those of burning the capital of Gondar, to which atrocity he added



PAGODA OR TEMPLE, SIAM.

the driving of scores of women into a large building and setting fire to it. In his own camp he murdered 670 of his soldiers, cutting off the heads of many, and deliberately shooting others with his own hand; and because many of the army deserted him, he destroyed their wives and children by dressing them in cotton steeped in wax, and setting fire to them. And late accounts state that within six weeks he had destroyed upwards of 3,000 people by fire and sword.

SCARBOROUGH CASTLE.

THIS castle was originally built about 1136 by William le Gros, and was given up to Henry II., who rebuilt it as a Royal fortress. It was visited in 1273 by Edward I., besieged in 1312 by the Earl of Lancaster, who took Piers Gaveston here and beheaded him; it was also attacked by Bruce, who burnt the town. Subsequent sieges and time has reduced it to the ruins shown in our engraving.

VIEW OF RHYL.

THIS rapidly-improving watering place of North Wales, shown in our illustration on page 296, is situated on the mouth of the river Clwyd. The town, as it is laid out, is very clearly defined in our engraving, and needs no further description than the eye can give. The Prince and Princess of Wales, on their return from Ireland by the Holyhead and Chester Railway, passed near the town. Snowdon is seen very distinctly from this place.

PRIVATE SLAUGHTER-HOUSES.

CONTINENTAL authorities have long ago come to the conclusion that slaughter-houses in populous cities and in the midst of crowded dwellings are about as wholesome and more unsightly and offensive than churchyards. In Scotland the inhabitants of the large cities and towns have banished them from their immediate neighbourhood, and it remains to be seen whether the butchers and salesmen, aided indirectly, we regret to add, by the Corporation of London and the railway authorities, will succeed in prolonging the existence of these nests of foulness and disease in the heart of London. Of these there are 58 in the City alone, nearly all of them in crowded districts. They are sometimes just behind the butcher's dwelling-house, with little or no distance between; sometimes they are in cellars beneath, the family living in the rooms above; occasionally the ground floor is a slaughter-house, and the upper part is let off in lodgings to poor people. Since 1866 the regulations which forbid cattle to be taken alive out of the metropolitan district have caused a much larger number of beasts to be killed at these places, and, as is natural, their sanitary condition has become worse rather than better. From 60 to 120 is about the number killed weekly by the butchers and their men at each slaughter-house. A butcher in Goodge-street, Tottenham-court-road, stated that 100 head of animals was his weekly average. The offal is not, and often cannot be, taken away at once, and it becomes exceedingly offensive. The blood they collect as well as they can, and keep it till they are able to dispose of it; a good deal of course escapes, and is washed down with hot water into the sewers, causing the horrible faint, greasy odour so familiar to Londoners in certain districts. Mixed with the sewage it immediately decomposes, and makes it more horrid than ever. Then there is the fat to be melted, the hide to be disposed of, the gut, hoof, and all other matters. If suitable establishments are near they are of course sent thither, and this, if better for the butcher, is so much the worse for the neighbourhood. Gut spinning and sausage skin making are very offensive trades, and hoof boiling and tripe dressing are just as filthy. If the butcher is far from any place of the kind he keeps all this animal matter on his premises until he can get rid of it. The medical officers of health state that private slaughter-houses are a nuisance. "They stink intolerably," says one of these witnesses. "There is not one which is not a nuisance to the neighbourhood," another testifies. When the hot weather comes on the effluvia increases, and about the time when putrid animal matter abounds it is certain that choleraic diarrhoea also abounds. The atmosphere around Newgate Market speaks for itself, and the salting of hides in Leadenhall Market is carried on in a manner calculated to breed a pestilence. Hides are sold by weight, and it is a great object to make them as heavy as possible. Before they are sent to the country tanners they are salted to retard decomposition. Every hide loses on an average "a quart of serosity," of which it is needless to describe the nature. Sometimes 1,000 hides so salted lie on the ground in Leadenhall Market, and the earth is so saturated with the matter that escapes that the very wells in the neighbourhood are polluted by it.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

MR. HENRY COLE, C.B.—The *Times* is requested to state that the letter, purporting to be signed by Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., to the effect that that gentleman declined to accept the £1,500 offered to him in excess of his regular salary for his exertions in Paris during the Great Exhibition of 1867, and that he thought the £1,800 charged to the public by him for house rent in Paris whilst he was employed there an extremely moderate charge, is a forgery. The letter was published in the *Morning Herald* and the *Standard*. GREY or faded hair restored to its original colour by F. E. SIMON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]



SCARBOROUGH CASTLE.

LAW AND POLICE.

EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE OF ROBBERY AGAINST A SERVANT.—Catherine Barrett, aged 18, was brought before Alderman Cusston, at Guildhall, charged with stealing on the 2nd of October last a sovereign, a fourpenny piece, a gold locket and chain, and various articles of wearing apparel, to the value of £7 13s., the property of her master. Mr. Martin (chief clerk) informed the worthy alderman that this was a very extraordinary case. About the latter end of October last the prisoner was brought to this court for robbing an employer in Newgate-street under circumstances of some aggravation. At that time it was stated that she had robbed the present prosecutor, but the police were unable to get him here. She pleaded guilty to the other robbery under the Criminal Justice Act, and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labour. She had now completed her term of imprisonment, and the police had again taken her into custody on the present charge. Victor Cavaliero said he was clerk to his father, Solomon Raphael Cavaliero, of No. 8, North-buildings, Eldon-street, Finsbury. The prisoner was with his father as servant for four days in the early part of October last, and absconded, taking with her £1 4s. in money, a gold locket and chain, and various articles of wearing apparel to the value of £7 13s. The money was taken from a purse in the wardrobe, and the other articles from a cupboard. He was in Paris when the prisoner was apprehended before. Gideon Salter, 327, said that he apprehended the prisoner on the 14th of October last for robbing another master, on which occasion she gave him a purse, which contained two duplicates relating to articles of female wearing apparel, belonging to the last witness's mother. Alderman Cusston asked whether, at the time the prisoner was sentenced, this offence was not included in the punishment. Mr. Martin said this was a separate and distinct charge. Alderman Cusston said then he had no alternative but to deal with it. The prisoner was then remanded for the attendance of the pawnbrokers.

"THE ROMANCE OF SWINDLING."—Carl Krathausen, a German, apparently about 45 years of age, of prepossessing and gentlemanly appearance, was brought up at Bow-street, charged with stealing a number of letters, the property of Mr. Eugene Rimmel, the well-known manufacturer of perfumery in the Strand. Mr. Abrams, stated that in December last the prisoner applied to Mr. Rimmel for employment, stating that he was in a condition of absolute privation, and would be grateful for any employment that would keep him from starving. Mr. Rimmel, more for the sake of charity than from any necessity for employing an extra clerk, engaged the prisoner in that capacity at a salary of £1 1s. a week. The prisoner had not been long in the situation before his intelligence, industry, and (to all appearance) integrity and amiability, so won on Mr. Rimmel that that gentleman became anxious to afford him an opportunity of improving his position. That opportunity soon presented itself. Mr. Rimmel, in conjunction with other French gentlemen resident in London, had been engaged in establishing a French hospital, and the prisoner was recommended by Mr. Rimmel for appointment as secretary to that institution. On the 12th March there appeared in the London daily papers an article translated from the Paris *Figaro*, and headed "The Romance of Swindling." It contained an account of some extraordinary acts of robbery committed by one Krathausen, steward to Baron Espeleta. The prisoner was at once asked by the committee if he was in any way related to this person. He was indignant at the imputation, and so resented it that Mr. Rimmel and the other members of the committee regretted having done him the injustice of suspecting him even to be a relation of the dishonest man. In the course of a few days, however, information was received which compelled them, however reluctantly, to entertain a suspicion that he was the actual person who had committed the robberies in Paris. Mr. Rimmel, therefore, called upon the prisoner to give the committee his *carte de visite* that they might have it compared with that of the robber. At first he said he would do so, but put it off from day to day, and then sent in his resignation. This, however, was too late, as before the committee received it, they had already passed a resolution for his dismissal. It now turned out that, in fact, the prisoner, with all his simulated indignation, was really the fugitive hero of the French "Romance of Swindling." After his dismissal he called upon Mr. Elsing, watch and clock maker, of Regent-street, who was one of the committee, and stated that he had in his possession certain letters which had passed into his hands in his capacity as secretary of the hospital, and that unless Mr. Elsing, or Mr. Rimmel paid him a sum of £40, and a certificate of good character, as from the committee, he would publish them. The letters had been written by Mr. Elsing to Mr. Rimmel. Mr. Elsing refused to pay any such black mail, saying that he was not ashamed of anything in the letters, and that it did not matter to him whether they were published or not. On the threat being repeated, the prisoner was given into custody. He was remanded for further inquiry.

THE ADVERTISING MONEY-LENDING SYSTEM.—Mr. George Simpson Mackennal, money-lender, of Piccadilly, and the Avenue-road, St. John's Wood, was brought before Mr. Knox, at Marlborough-street, for final examination, charged with conspiring with James Ellis, his former clerk, to defraud several persons. Mr. Knox said if the statements were true there could be no doubt that the business carried on by the prisoner was an atrocious system of swindling. He should commit the prisoner for trial, taking bail.

NIGHT HOUSES IN THE HAYMARKET.—Mary Ann Warren, the keeper of a refreshment-house in Jermyn-street, appeared before Mr. Knox to answer a summons for allowing prostitutes to assemble in her house. Mr. Montagu Williams appeared for the defence. Inspector Harrison, of the C division, said that at twenty minutes past twelve o'clock on the morning of the 17th ult. he visited the house No. 4, Jermyn-street, and found there thirty prostitutes and twenty men, and on going to the house a second time he found several of the same women and men. In answer to Mr. Williams, the inspector said that he had visited all the houses in the district occasionally. The house in Jermyn-street was not in his district, but his duty led him sometimes there. He was employed on that particular duty that night by Superintendent Hannant, who told him to go to the defendant's, but not to the Albamra nor to the London Pavilion. He had not seen the defendant there. Police-sergeant Harn, 114 A R, gave similar evidence to Inspector Harrison. In answer to Mr. Knox both the witnesses stated that they knew the women as prostitutes, and frequented the Haymarket. Police-constable Palmer, 144 A R, proved watching the defendant's house on the morning of the 17th ultimo, and seeing 63 women, and 70 men go in, the women being known to him as prostitutes. Mr. Superintendent Hannant, C division, said it was under his directions that the police visited the houses of the persons summoned. He had given no positive order for the police to visit the Albamra, the Argyll Rooms, or the London Pavilion. It was by order of the Police Commissioners that the house in Jermyn-street was visited. Mr. Montagu Williams said it was a farce for the Commissioners of Police to instruct their officers to visit the house in Jermyn-street and to leave unvisited such places as the Albamra, the Argyll Rooms, and the London Pavilion. Why should other houses be suffered to make a profit quietly, and a special raid be made against a particular house? He wanted to set before the public the absurdity of the police attempting to put down one set of places by attacking another. Mr. Knox said he certainly never had a case before him against the Albamra or the Argyll Rooms, but there was this vast difference between those cases and the case before him, that they closed at twelve o'clock, while the defendant kept open beyond

that time. If the night houses closed at the same time as the Albamra and the Argyll Rooms, they would, no doubt, be tolerated in the same way by the authorities. When he first came to that court as a magistrate, about six years ago, what was termed the crusade against the Haymarket night houses was being carried on. It was no matter of exaggeration to say that the number of cases from the Haymarket then averaged from fifteen to twenty daily. The cases embraced larceny from the person and robberies with violence; prostitutes collected there, thieves as a matter of course were there also. After a good deal of fighting these night houses were checked, the congregation of thieves and prostitutes diminished, and the charges, from fifteen to twenty daily, went down to two or three. This state of things remained for some years, but a return to the old practices has occurred, and the police were now again visiting the night houses. It appeared that the mischief of the night houses was done between twelve and two o'clock. Now, if they shut at twelve o'clock, the same as the Albamra and the Argyll Rooms, it would be the duty of the police to go against all or none. But these night houses kept open their doors to receive those who were turned out of other houses, and what reasonable man would say that such a system ought not to be checked. The evil of late had grown so intolerable that it must be checked. Mr. Montagu Williams wished the magistrate to understand that these refreshment houses shut at one o'clock, whereas previously they kept open all night. Mr. Knox having received proof that the defendant had been before convicted, said this kind of abominable nuisance must be put down. He was full of pity for the poor women who frequented these houses to be plundered, but none for those who made a profit out of them. The fine would be £20 and costs. Henry Boshell, of Panton-street, refreshment house keeper, was summoned for a similar offence. Mr. Knox inflicted a penalty of £20 and costs. Henry Callis, Haymarket, refreshment house keeper, was fined 1s. with a caution, for harboring prostitutes, it being the first offence and there only being a few at the place. Joseph Kaye, of Bear-street, was summoned for a similar offence, but it was dismissed on the ground that his house was an hotel according to the evidence.

THE CASE OF THE POOR BEAD WORKERS.—Mr. Gerald Griffin the cashier of Guildhall, informed Alderman Cusston that Mr. David Wilson, against whom he granted six summonses for receiving deposits from poor women and not paying them for their work, had attended by his solicitor and settled all the claims in full, and that gentleman wished to make a statement in justification of his client. Mr. Alderman Cusston said by all means, he would be happy to hear him. Mr. Lucas, of George-street, Mansion House, said that six summonses had been granted by his workshop against Mr. Wilson, and it appeared by the statement made to his workshop that Mr. Wilson had taken an office for the purpose of employing those poor women. That was not the case, for Mr. Wilson had been in business as a bead trimming manufacturer for many years, and had employed many hundreds of women on that work. He was well known in the trade, and of the women who now worked for him only eleven were new hands—all the rest had worked for him for years. He had taken a new office, it was true, but his business was an old established one. The reason he did not meet the poor women to pay them was this:—Some time ago he bought a large quantity of beads through a Mr. Dear, for which he paid him £30 in money, and gave him bills for upwards of £200. The beads were sent to Dear, but he never sent them on to Mr. Wilson, and shortly afterwards Dear became a bankrupt, and sequestrated him for £300. Mr. Wilson had been sued on three of the bills, and two judgments had been obtained against him. He was consequently unable to attend at his office until those matters were arranged, otherwise the women would have had nothing to complain of. A statement had been made in the papers that Mr. Cogswell was a partner of Mr. Wilson's. That was not the case, for Mr. Cogswell had only taken a back office from him in which he carried on a totally different business. With regard to the woman, he had now settled six out of the eleven claims, and if the other five would call at this court he had left his address with Mr. Griffin to send them to him, and he would pay them every farthing Mr. Wilson owed them. Mr. Alderman Cusston said he was very glad to hear it, for it did seem to him to be a very hard case for those poor women to have their deposits and the money for their work withheld from them after they had earned it. Mr. Pratt, from the office of Mr. Buchanan, said that he appeared on behalf of Mr. Cogswell, whose name had been mixed up with these transactions as the partner of Mr. Wilson, with whose business he had nothing to do. Mr. Cogswell was an auctioneer and accountant, and a short time ago he did some business for Mr. Dear, and he did it so satisfactorily that he introduced him to Mr. Wilson, from whom he now rented an office. He had never seen Mr. Wilson before then, and now only knew him as his landlord. Mr. Cogswell was a very respectable man, and was not connected with Mr. Wilson in any way except as a tenant. Mr. Alderman Cusston said he was glad to have had the opportunity of hearing these explanations, and also that the claims had been met so satisfactorily. Mr. Lucas and Mr. Pratt then thanked the worthy alderman for his attention and retired.

"PRICKING THE GARTER."—CREATING A FOREIGNER.—Johann Emile, described as a printers' roller maker, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with being concerned with another man not in custody in defrauding Louis Adolph Malaterre, a French tailor, living in Marshall-street, Golden-square, of the sum of £3 4s. in French money, by cheating him at a game called "pricking the garter." A Solicitor appeared for the prisoner: The Prosecutor said—On Friday, between four and five o'clock, I met the prisoner in Oxford-street. He said something to me in English and then in German, neither of which languages did I understand. He then spoke to me in French, and on my answering him, he said that he was pleased to speak to a Frenchman, and walked about with me to different places, amongst them to Regent-street. He then invited me to have a glass of something with him; but at first I refused to do so, though I afterwards did. We went into a public-house, and the prisoner asked for two glasses of beer, and after we had been at the house about five minutes, the prisoner gave me his umbrella to take care of for him. He went out and after remaining away about five minutes, he came back alone and sat down. After a short time had elapsed, another gentleman came in and joined us in conversation, the prisoner sitting on a low stool in front of me, and the other man and myself on a bench together side by side. They invited me to go and have dinner with them, but I declined to do so, and they invited me to go to an hotel—not a public-house—to have another glass to drink with them. I declined to do so, however, for a time, but afterwards they took me to another house near Oxford-street. We then went into a room, where they both said they were very rich. Mr. Tyrwhitt: Was anything said about the uncle who had left them a fortune? (laughter). Mr. Albert: They had not come to the uncle at that time. Prosecutor: They then began to play at a game of "prick at the garter"—a long narrow strip of paper being rolled up, and if the person pricking with a pencil did not get into the centre it was insisted that he lost the game. After they had several games together, I was induced to stake £3 4s. in French money, and on the paper being pricked, the pencil did not secure the paper and I lost. After I had lost the other man offered to lend me £50, or any sum of money, provided I got a stamp for the receipt. I said I did not know London, and that I wanted some one to go with me, and after we had been out together five minutes the prisoner said that I had better go back to the hotel, and that he would fetch the stamp himself. Believing then that I had been robbed, I refused, notwithstanding he tried his utmost to induce me to leave him, and he then took me to an hotel, telling me to wait there, but seeing that it was not the right hotel, I refused to enter, and afterwards saw him walking away with another man. I went up and told him that I would have

him arrested if he did not go back to the hotel where I had just seen him, and we went back, but the other man was gone. The prisoner then offered to return me the money, saying I should not lose anything. He then wanted me to go to his consul to explain the matter, and he took me about for two hours, and he then took me to a railway station, saying that was the way to the consul. I gave him in charge, but as I could not explain myself, and he could, they let him go. Before I gave him in charge he gave me a paper which he said was a £10 note. This was near the railway. The prisoner afterwards took the note away from me, and said that it was better in his pocket than in mine. I afterwards went to the police-station and gave information, and the prisoner was taken into custody. While I was with the prisoner and the other man I took from my trousers pocket 220 francs, but I cannot say whether the prisoner or the other man took them, but I had them safe an hour before I met them—even a quarter of an hour, and the other man walked by my side all the while. Mr. Tyrwhitt: And that gentleman disappeared altogether?—Prosecutor: Yes. It was the other man who took up my money.—By Prisoner's Solicitor: I said nothing about the 220f. on Friday.—Mr. Tyrwhitt remanded the prisoner for a week.

THE FEVER DENS OF SOUTHWARK.—Mr. Edwards, the Inspector of Nuisances to the St. George's District Board of Works, waited upon Mr. Burcham for his advice and assistance in removing the dead body of a female from a house where she had recently died of fever. Mr. Edwards said the house was a small one, let out in tenements, in a poor and densely populated locality. Fever was spreading, and a female, the mother of a family, was lying dead from fever in a small room, with her husband and children. As soon as he received notice of it, he proceeded with Mr. Bateson, the medical officer of health of the District Board, to the house, and told the husband that he was endangering his own, his children's, and two other persons' lives by having the corpse in the room, and requested him to move to another place, which he refused to do. Applicant now came before his worship under the 29 and 30 Vict., cap. 90, sec. 27, which gave the magistrate power to order the removal of the body to the parish dead-house until ready to be buried. Mr. Bateson, the medical officer of health, gave his certificate that the lives of the inhabitants of the house would be endangered by keeping the corpse there. Mr. Edwards informed his worship that the parties were very poor, and had provided a coffin, but they had not means to pay the undertaker's fees. Sometimes these poor people kept a body in the coffin nearly a fortnight before they could scrape the money together. Mr. Burcham asked if there was a mortuary belonging to the vestry or the parish?—Mr. Edwards replied that there was not at present, but there was the dead-house at the workhouse, where the body could be taken care of. It was necessary that it should be removed at once.—Mr. Burcham made the necessary order, and Mr. Edwards had the body removed, and the room cleaned.

IMPORTANT DECISION RESPECTING SURETIES FOR LOANS.—In the disposal of several summonses which came on for hearing, respecting loans which had been granted to members of different "Friends of Labour" societies, an important question arose as to the responsibilities of sureties. It appeared the loans were advanced upon the usual signing of a promissory note by the borrower and a surety, the society having the power to proceed for the recovery of the whole amount due upon the failure of the repayment of any one instalment. In some instances an extension of time had been granted to the borrower for repayment without any notice being given to the person who had become surety of such extension of time or that the borrower was in arrears.—Mr. Maude said in all instances where this want of notice was proved, he should decline to make any order for payment, except against the actual borrower of the money, and several summonses were dismissed in consequence.

DONKEYS AT BLACKHEATH.—Three brothers, named Charles, Henry, and Augustus Friday, were charged with furiously riding on Blackheath, on Sunday afternoon. Police-constable Ling, 159 R, proved the charge, and said he had previously cautioned the defendants.—The defendants pleaded that they were foreigners, and did not understand the caution they received.—Mr. Maude fined them 2s. 6d. each.

ARMY GOSSIP.

THE Army and Navy Gazette says that his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge arrived in town on Saturday; and Sir John Pakington was sufficiently recovered to resume his official duties at the War Office and in the House of Commons on Monday.—Mr. Trevelyan's resolutions are fixed for Tuesday the 19th of May. It is believed that Mr. Trevelyan will not seek to press his proposal for the total and immediate abolition of purchase to a division, and that the Government will accept, under conditions, the amendment of Captain Vivian, by which purchase will cease at the rank of captain, the number of regimental ranks being reduced to three. It is not improbable that some committee or commission may be found necessary to carry out the details and fix the remuneration to which existing field officers and others affected by the change are entitled.—The health of Field-Marshal Lord Gough, colonel of the Blues, is of a character to cause anxiety to his friends.—The authorities in Canada feel justified, by the state of the dominion, in allowing two, if not three, regiments to be withdrawn. In consequence, the second battalion of the 17th Regiment will shortly embark for home, and the 30th will proceed to Nova Scotia to take the place of the 2nd battalion 4th, also ordered home. The number of battalions embarking for abroad in the winter of 1888-89 will be thus reduced. As far as can now be foreseen, the embarkations will be as follows:—62nd, 39th, and 1st battalion 21st for India; 28th and 52nd for Malta; 43rd for Gibraltar; and 71st for Malta. The 1st battalion 17th will then be the first for foreign service, and it will probably remain and form part of the Indian relief of 1869.—The late issue of cartridges for the Snider rifle has turned out to be unfit for use. The Guards at Aldershot have had some accidents with it, and are, in consequence, unable to proceed regularly with their course of musketry instruction.

FIVE MEN DROWNED IN THE SOLWAY.—A fatal accident of a very disastrous kind occurred in the Solway Firth on Sunday afternoon. Five young men who lived at Annan, named Thorburn (a fisherman), Kerr and Connell (painters), and Ross and Irving (gardeners), set out from that port in a small boat rigged up with a sail, and crossed the Solway Firth to Bowness, on the Cumberland shore. They reached their destination in safety, and in the afternoon set out for home with the ebb tide. They had not proceeded half-way across when it was observed from the shore that their mast had got wrong, and the sail swayed over the side. Shortly afterwards the boat capsized, and all the five men were thrown into the sea. Three of them sunk almost immediately, being quite unable to resist the powerful force of the ebbing tide, and were drowned; but the other two clung to the overturned boat, which drifted down to the railway bridge which crosses the Firth below Bowness. There, it is conjectured, the anchor dragged against the piles of the viaduct, for the boat swung round. The two men who were still clinging to it made a desperate effort to save themselves, but the boat filled with water and sank, carrying with it the only two survivors of the pleasure party, and thus increasing the number of deaths to five.

YOUNG DUMAS has just sent to old Dumas a complete copy of his works, with the following petty compliment written on the fly leaf of volume No. 1: "A mon très-cher père et très-cher maître, son grand fils et son petit confrère."

A SPIRITUAL MOTHER.

THE case of Lyon v. Home, which is a suit for the restoration of the sum of £60,000, given by the plaintiff, Mrs. Lyon, to the defendant Home, the well-known spiritualist, whilst, as she alleges, she was under the influence of his spiritual manifestations, was resumed.

Mr. Home, the defendant, was cross-examined by Mr. James. He said: I have had peculiar visions for many years.

Mr. James: How are the communications made between the medium and the spiritual world?—Defendant: I do not know.

Mr. James: Have you had such communications?—Defendant: Yes.

Mr. James: And how have they manifested themselves, have you spoken to the spirits?—Defendant: Yes.

Mr. James: How do the sounds indicate that they proceed from the spirit?—Defendant: Well, we take that for granted; there is an operator at the end of the telegraph wire; we know there is intelligence there.

Mr. James: How do the sounds form words?—Defendant: The alphabet is repeated; and when the right letter is spoken the spirit gives a knock.

Mr. James: How do the knocks signify negative and affirmative?—Oao knock signifies "Yes" and three "Ns," but you can arrange that as you please. The spirit is an intelligent being.

Mr. James: How do you know what spirit it is?—Defendant: They usually spell their names.

Mr. James: Supposing I wanted to consult with the spirit of a disembodied person, what course would you pursue?—Defendant: If I knew you came for that purpose I would not receive you unless you were introduced by a friend.

Mr. James: What course would you adopt supposing I was introduced by a friend?—Defendant: I should do nothing. The spirit would manifest itself if it chose. I have no power.

Mr. James: In what way would the spirit make itself known to me?—Defendant: It would make itself known by sounds.

Mr. James: Then if I proceeded to ask questions the alphabet would be produced?—Defendant: That I do not know.

Mr. James: The alphabet would be produced and said by degrees, and the communication would be spelt out?—Defendant: Yes.

Mr. James: Have you been subjected yourself to physical experiments by the spirits?—Yes.

Mr. James: Have you been moved bodily—flated in the air by the spirits?—Defendant: Yes, but I must insist on asserting that I am not the only person to whom that has occurred.

Mr. James: And tables and chairs have been moved in violation of the ordinary rules of gravity?—Defendant: Yes.

Mr. James: Do you know of any good having resulted from this?—Defendant: Yes, in convincing persons of the immortality of the soul.

Mr. James: I do not see how your flating in the air would convince persons of the immortality of the soul.—Defendant: I don't say that alone would, but it is in the intelligence conveyed with it.

Mr. James: Have you ever known of any useful results of these practical jokes?—Defendant: From these practical jokes—no, but that is only one side of the question.

Mr. James: Have you ever been the medium of giving useful information?—Defendant: Yes, on some occasions. They don't usually interfere with the affairs of the earth.

Mr. James: Did you ever know them the means of prediction?—Defendant: Yes.

Mr. James: You have never known them to give information as to stockjobbing?—Defendant: No.

Mr. James: As to health?—Defendant: Yes. Mr. James: As to conduct towards relatives?—Defendant: Well, I don't know. Well, yes, they usually try to hatch up feuds.

Mr. James: There are false, or lying spirits?—Defendant: Yes, there are all kinds; as men are on earth.

Mr. James: Then a person consulting a spirit is liable to be deceived?—Defendant: Yes.

Mr. James: Then how is one to know whether the spirit is speaking truth or falsehood?—Defendant: We have to exercise our common sense.

Mr. James: Are you in possession of this gift at the present moment?—Defendant: I suppose I am.

Mr. James: Do you remember when was the last time you had a manifestation?—Defendant: I have had two or three during the past few weeks. I do not remember what occurred at them. I have a very bad memory.

Mr. James: Do you remember what occurred whilst you were entranced?—Defendant: No, I do not.

Cross-examination continued.—On one occasion the spirits rapped on my umbrella, "This is God's church, the birds are his choristers, and the sky the sculptured walls." The identity of the spirit is proved in various ways. For instance, by the mode of expression used, by their revealing things which I could not otherwise have known.

Mr. James: I want to know how you would ascertain the identity of a particular spirit?—Defendant: Only by patient observation, unless I see it.

Mr. James: And when you see it, how do you tell?—Defendant: By the dress and general appearance.

Mr. James: Then, there is the ghost or spirit of the dress as well?—Defendant: Yes, for the first one or twice.

Cross-examination continued: I have not seen a spirit for some time. I have had too many material things to think about.

Mr. James: Which was the last spirit you saw?—Defendant: I would rather not say.

Mr. James: How did you communicate with it?—Defendant: The question was asked by a person who was with me, who was also a medium.

Cross-examination continued: I have never asked a spirit any question with reference to this suit. At the time I first met the plaintiff I was secretary to the Spiritual Athenaeum, in

Sloane-street. I was exceedingly poor, only receiving pay from the society. I have not been brought up to any profession or trade.

Mr. James: You say you gave the plaintiff rank and position?—Defendant: I do.

Mr. James: What was it?—Defendant: Being introduced to my large circle of acquaintances, literary and otherwise.

Mr. James: Then the rank and position you gave her was yours?—Defendant: No; I have no rank or position. It was that of my friends.

Cross-examination continued: I was only secretary of the society for two months. I have travelled a great deal; visited the Courts, and moved in high circles. My expenses were usually paid by my friends, or from money I made by readings. I had some money with my wife, and some settled upon me by a friend. I have had many gifts by friends; many anonymous and considerable gifts. I married in 1858. The income of my wife was sufficient for me to live comfortably upon; but it has been suspended for a time owing to a technical legal difficulty. I believe the first spiritual powers appeared to me when I was six months old; but the first external manifestation that I knew anything of was developed in 1850. At first I had no means of interpreting the sounds. The alphabet was given to me by a clergyman in America. I did seek to influence plaintiff in the disposition of property. I endeavoured to influence her against the course she was following, but I do not say that in my heart I was not glad. I still adhere to the statement that the position was forced upon me by the plaintiff. I deny the statement of Mrs. Fellowes with reference to what took place in February. The plaintiff did not say, "Oh, my darling, let me see you!" and I did not say, "Don't interrupt me." It is untrue that Mrs. Fellowes said, "Let us have a manifestation," and that I replied I had a bad headache. I recollect the pocket handkerchief being knotted. That was on the 8th October last. Mrs. Lyon was sitting at the table, and she held up her handkerchief and said, "Look what has occurred!" I asked her whether she had not done it to remind herself of something, and she replied in the negative. On the 7th of October, as I was about to leave the house, I heard a knocking, and the following was rapped out, "Do not say the light of other days has fled. I, Charles, am with you." I did not know the name of her husband at that time. All that has been stated by Mrs. Key with reference to what she heard is perfectly false. What has been stated by Mr. Wilkinson with reference to what took place when the will was made is true. I never said, in answer to a request that there should be a manifestation, "I cannot do it, mother; there is something in Mrs. Fellowes' presence." The defendant then proceeded to deny the statements contained in Mrs. Pepper's affidavit.

Mr. James then read a letter from the defendant to a person named Bradshaw, stating, "Should the information you speak of be correct, I will place at your disposal the sum of £300 after my suit is concluded. I can only do this as you are not a witness, and are outside the cause."

The defendant then went into a history of the letter, stating that it resulted from an anonymous communication he received, which from the first he knew was a trap. He wrote the letter in order that it might be produced in court.

Re-examined by Mr. Matthews: I have been the guest of crowned heads, and have resided at the Emperor of Russia's palace. I have also been a guest of the Emperor of the French. I never claimed to have the power to produce the manifestation, nor have I the slightest belief that I have the power to do so. There are mediums besides myself. They are always persons of nervous temperament. I know mediums who cannot for a moment be suspected of making a profit out of the manifestations. I saw manifestations in Mr. Jencken's house. I never consulted spirits with regard to his pecuniary affairs, nor have I professed to do so for other people. I have known Dr. and Miss Gully for many years, and had no motive for deceiving them. Miss Gully was with me at the time the rape came on the umbrella, and she spelt out some of the words. At the last manifestation Mr. Ellis, M.A., of Oxford, was present; it was about a fortnight ago, at Mr. Jencken's house. At the time Mrs. Lyon gave me the money I had a father, a sister, two aged aunts, and my child dependent upon me. Nobody made money out of the Spiritual Athenaeum, on the contrary, the members lost by it. It was only a place of meeting for the members. When the will was executed I was in Mrs. Lyon's bedroom. I was there at her request, and she asked me to go into the other room when the will was made. Before the will was executed I never spoke to Mr. Wilkinson about it, nor his other business with Mrs. Lyon. I had two meetings with Mrs. Bradshaw (the person who sent the anonymous letter). She lived at Albert-terrace, in the same house with Mrs. Lyon. When I had an interview with Mrs. Bradshaw I had a witness present.

Mr. James stated that he would not examine any other witnesses.

The Court had not delivered judgment when we went to press.

MORE BABY FARMING.

ON Tuesday morning on inquest was held in Aldwin-atreet, St. Luke's, on the body of the illegitimate female child of a domestic servant named Emma Munday, aged 18 months. The child had been farmed out to a Mrs. Perfect, in whose house the mother had been confined. On Friday morning the child was found dead on the floor. Mrs. Perfect accounted for certain bruises on its head by saying that it had fallen off two chairs which constituted its bed, but she also admitted, in reply to the coroner, that her boy had beaten deceased on the back with a tin whistle.

M. E. G. Potte, surgeon, said that the head of the child was very much bruised. Death had been caused by peritonitis. The jury returned a verdict that the deceased had died from peritonitis from natural causes, but the jury are of opinion that Mrs. Perfect has not been kind to the deceased, and they request that she may be cautioned as to her conduct towards children in future, and they

find that the fact of her own two children being free from bruises tends to show that she was not so kind to the deceased as she was to them. The Coroner then severely reprimanded Mrs. Perfect for her conduct towards the child, and informed her that owing to the medical evidence she had narrowly escaped committing for manslaughter.

A BOY KILLED IN THE STREET.—On Monday an inquest was held at St. George's Workhouse, Borough, on the body of Alfred Whiting, aged 10 years. The boy was sweeping a crossing in Newington-causeway on Saturday, when he became surrounded by vehicles, and one of them knocked him down and killed him on the spot. It appeared that the driver of the cart was not in fault. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

LORD SHAFTESBURY AND MR. SPURGEON.—The Earl of Shaftesbury writes to the editor of the *Record*:—"Sir,—On Monday evening last I was on the same platform with the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, in Exeter Hall. For this I have received a rebuke, and I shall, possibly, receive many more. May I, once for all, through your columns, give an answer retrospectively and prospectively to all such doubts and castigations? In the first place, I am a member of the Church of England; and, by God's blessing, I intend to continue so. Secondly, I shall do my best to maintain in full vigour the Established Church of this kingdom. Thirdly, although I do not concur in all Mr. Spurgeon's sentiments, nor always approve the language in which they are conveyed, I regard him as a man of great ability, of great earnestness, and doing a great work. And, in these days of trouble, rebuke, and of blasphemy, I will, if requested, give the right of fellowship to him, and to every other, who will preach Christ to the masses of our people. —I am, Sir, your obedient servant, Shaftesbury. —April 27, 1868."

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THE PHARMACOPŒIA.

AN extract from the second edition (page 188) of the translation of the Pharmacopœia of the Royal College of Physicians of London, by Dr. G. F. Collier, published by Longman and Co.:—"It is no small defect in this compilation (speaking of the 'Pharmacopœia') that we have no purgative mass but what contains aloes; yet we know that hemorrhoidal persons cannot bear aloes, except it be in the form of

COCKLE'S PILLS,

which chiefly consist of aloes, scammony, and colocynth, which I think are formed into a sort of compound extract, the acidity of which is obviated, I suspect, by an alkaline process, and by a fourth ingredient (unknown to me) of an aromatic tonic nature. I think no better and no worse of it for its being a patent medicine. I look at it as an article of commerce and domestic convenience, and do not hesitate to say it is the best made pill in the kingdom—a muscular purge, and a mucous purge, and a hydragogue purge, combined, and their effects properly controlled by a dirigent and corrigent. That it does not commonly produce hemorrhoids, like most aloetic pills, I attribute to its being thoroughly soluble, so that no dissolved particles adhere to the mucous membrane."

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